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THE CANADIAN PACIFIC AND ITS RAILWAY RIVALS.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JR.

LATE events at home and abroad warn us to think twice before embarking rashly in this enterprise. The faith of the Dominion is certainly pledged to British Columbia for the construction of a Pacific Railway, but should it, after mature consideration, seem to Parliament that the road, if built from end to end in four years, would, for a generation or more, be to the country a costly superfluity, surely British Columbia could be appeased with a less ruinous sacrifice. The change in the *personnel* of an executive does not warrant a breach of promise; but altered financial circumstances, and the discovery of various engineering difficulties in the way of a desirable route, entitle Parliament to re-consider its decision.

Its success as a trans-continental road must depend on advantages it may possess over its southern rivals. Its influences on the future of Canada will depend mainly on

the character of country through which it will run,—the adaptability of some parts for agricultural settlement, the value of others in mineral wealth.

Its southern rivals, built and building, are four. The first road, which united the Atlantic with the Pacific, was that across the Isthmus of Panama, where the high mountain chain of the Andes sinks to a low ridge, 268 feet high, and the wide Continents of North and South America contract to a narrow neck of land, only 37 miles across. The engineering problem was here, not how to surmount a towering mountain range, but how to build a road through the reeking lagoons which stretch for 13 miles inland from the Atlantic. A line, starting from Navy Bay on the Caribbean Sea, running along the east bank of the Chagres River for  $23\frac{1}{2}$  miles to Barbacoas, and thence for 24 miles further over the

ridge to Panama, was surveyed in 1848. In 1850 the first clearance was made on the Island of Manzanilla, where Aspinwall now stands: in 1855 the road was opened from end to end. But the mortality which attended its construction through the morasses of the Atlantic coast was such that a life, it is said, was sacrificed to every pile driven into the treacherous bog. The cost of the road was nevertheless only \$7,407,553, somewhat under the average cost of a good English road of the same length, and not much more than the cost of the "Victoria Bridge," over the St. Lawrence at Montreal,—which was \$6,300,000.

Until the Union Pacific R. R. was built, which tapped the Californian and the Asiatic trade, and until, almost contemporaneously, the Pacific Steam Navigation Co. put on a line of boats to run direct from Peru and Chili to England by the straits of Magellan, and thus diverted from the Isthmus all the freight of the west coast of South America, south of Callao, the enterprise was remunerative, paying from 12–15 per cent. Unfortunately in order to maintain a monopoly of railroad traffic across the Isthmus, the Company obtained, just previous to the occurrence of the two above-mentioned untoward causes of decline, an extension of their privilege from the New Grenada Government, but on terms so onerous that the road is probably now returning small profits to its owners. Under the old contract the Company paid the Government, in return for the exclusive right of spanning the Isthmus by a road, for abolishing all custom dues, and for the large and useless land grant,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the net revenue. Under the new contract the Company pays a fixed sum of \$250,000, but the traffic has so fallen off that  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the present receipts would now not much exceed \$18,000, or a little less than 7 per cent. of the stipulated tax. The road would have the Chinese freight, brought by the U. S. Pacific Mail

S. S. Company to San Francisco, and which would be sent by the same Company's boats to New York, via Panama, did not the Central and Union Pacific R. R. take it almost forcibly at San Francisco, by threatening to establish an opposition line to Japan unless allowed to carry the steamship company's through freight thence to the Atlantic. But, at any rate, Panama lies too far south of the circle that runs through Yokohama to expect to compete successfully with more northern roads. Yet the Isthmus road will never cease to be a line of great importance, for it carries to the west coast of South America the freight of no less than four lines of large Atlantic steamers, and carries back, to freight them on their return voyages, well nigh the whole of the productions of New Grenada, Ecuador, and the Isthmian Republics.

Another railroad, to be built across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, is even less likely to obtain a share in the eastern trade than that of Panama, as the Atlantic terminus is so inaccessible, in the hollow of the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific terminus little better than an open roadstead.

But the next road, as we proceed northward, if built, will be a more formidable antagonist to rival competitors, viz.: the Texas and Pacific R. R. Before the Confederate war, it was proposed to build a road from sea to sea, in the almost tropical zone of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Lower California: where, beside enjoying freedom from severe frost and heavy snow, the road would have to ascend, in spanning the Rocky Mountains, a much lower and gentler slope than that which interrupts the Union Pacific. Before the war and since its close the rivalries of contending applicants have prevented the realization of the design: but last year, Congress passed an Act granting the necessary powers to the Texas and Pacific R. R. Company to build and equip a line of railway between the Mississippi valley and the Pacific coast, and, until the

existing panic wrought havoc with all railway returns alike, there was a fair prospect of the plan being consummated, for it was the keystone of the Southern Construction Company's vast design.

The eastern terminus of the main line is at Fort Worth in Texas, but branches diverge thence to connect with roads running north, east, and south, and with the navigable waters of the Red River, a large tributary of the Mississippi. From Fort Worth the line is to run westward across the continent to San Diego on the Pacific, at first rising through the forest and prairie lands of Eastern Texas, by a series of terraces, to an elevation of about 3000 ft., ere it enters the dreary region of the *Llano Stocado*. While still in this, the southern extension of the great American Desert, the road will enter New Mexico and cross the Rio Grande. This, like other similarly situated rivers further north, represents a ribbon of fertile land, capable of supplying the wants of a mining population, and whose waters, if land should ever become scarce on this continent, may be utilized to irrigate artificially large districts of adjoining desert. At this point the road will connect with the Denver, Santa Fé, and Rio Grande railroad, a 3 ft. 6 in. line, which, starting from Denver, Colorado, almost on the 40° parallel, runs due south along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains for nearly 500 miles, and by means of its extension the Denver Pacific R. R. will form a binding link between the Southern and Union Pacific roads. And here also will commence the passage of the mountains. But the task will be an easy one, for the Sierra Madre of Mexico has already broken up into a number of insignificant ridges, and not yet reformed into the great coast range or Sierra Nevada of California: and it is north of Santa Fé that the great eastern chain of the Rocky Mountains, which, when viewed from the Plains, opposes such an apparently impassable barrier to the Union Pacific,

abruptly begins. It is therefore claimed that the parallel of 32° really offers a natural highway, with easy grades, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Throughout New Mexico and Arizona the road will run for 700 miles close to the Mexican frontier, and thus, while passing through the heretofore inaccessible mining regions of the southern territories, will afford the readiest outlet for the mineral and vegetable products of the Mexican provinces of Sonora and Chihuahua. Strange to say, the road will traverse a country with a past human history, amidst ruined cities and abandoned mines, memorials of the conquered Aztec races which inhabited the country before the arrival of the Spaniards, and of the conquerors who so ruthlessly swept it from the earth, but who in turn have disappeared before the knife and firebrand of the Apache and the Mohave. Over alternate stretches of desert and the fertile valleys of the Rio Colorado and its tributaries, the road will reach the confines of California, only a few miles north of the line which divides the upper from the lower section of that state, at Fort Juma. Here it will meet the South Pacific road, whose northern terminus; 300 miles north, is San Francisco; but the Texas road will proceed straight onwards, and strike the sea at San Diego, said to be a harbour rivalling in size and safety the Bay of San Francisco.

The length of the road, from Shreveport on the Red River to San Diego, will be 1472 miles, and Shreveport is about 300 miles distant by rail or river from New Orleans. Sixty-six miles of the eastern section have been running for more than a year; two hundred miles more are ready for the rail, and work was being pressed forward simultaneously from both ends when the panic involved its chief promoter—Tom Scott—in ruin. The calculated cost is \$40,000 U. S. currency per mile, to meet which the road has been endowed with land grants by the Federal and State

Governments to the extent of 34,040,320 acres.

Parallel with the Texas Pacific, but following for most of the way the 41° parallel of latitude, so that about 540 miles of prairie, desert and mountain divide them, runs from Omaha on the Missouri to San Francisco on the Pacific, the line of the Union and Central Pacific Railroad, owned by two companies, which, however, act in harmony. The road was opened from end to end more than three years ago, and is unquestionably a marvellous feat of engineering skill, but like many another first attempt, it cost too much. Dishonesty reigned at headquarters, and extravagance along the line, so that the cost of construction and equipment appears to have been, though it did not reach, the enormous figure of \$125,386 per mile. Difficult and costly assuredly was the task of building the road; as for the first 500 miles it runs across the uninhabited, and, at least for 300 of the 500 miles, sterile plains of Nebraska to Cheyenne, at an elevation of 6,041 feet above the sea, and 5,075 above Omaha. There it begins to scale the eastern wall of the Rocky Mountains, and rising 2,201 feet in 33 miles, crosses Sherman Summit at an elevation of 8,241 feet. From Sherman Summit, for 1,122 miles, to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, the western range of the Mountains, the road traverses an elevated table land, broken by two high cross ranges. The average altitude of 109 stations on this lofty plateau is 5,705 feet; but this fact is not so significant of the difficulties in the way of the construction as the further fact that within these 1,122 miles the road, four times, after declining to a lower level, crosses ridges of over 7,000 feet elevation, and at one point, between Leroy and Aspen, in 16 miles ascends 583 feet, and descends again 1,295 feet. From the summit of the Sierra Nevada it declines 6,986 feet in 105 miles to Sacramento, only 56 feet above the sea level.

In proportion to the obstacles to be over-

come must, of course, be the cost of a road; but even supposing the frauds perpetrated by the *Credit Mobilier* had not been unearthed, the indebtedness of the "Union and Central Pacific" is so enormous as to create suspicion of foul dealing on a gigantic scale. Had the road been economically constructed, and the funds honestly administered, despite the necessarily great cost of construction the road would have been financially a success. The debt of the two companies, in bonds and stocks, seems to be about \$240,000,000 or \$125,386 per mile, while the bonded indebtedness alone, which is said to represent the actual cost of the road, is \$156,794,644, or at the rate of \$81,920 for each of the 1,914 miles of road. But even this last figure is probably 33 per cent. higher than it ought to be; and, therefore, the land grant of 25,000,000 acres with which this road was subsidized by the Federal Government, and of which a large tract has already been sold at an average price of \$4 25 per acre, should have gone far towards building and equipping it. As the net profits for the two years past have exceeded \$8,000,000 annually, had the road been honestly built and managed, this profit would have been a good dividend to the bondholders for having advanced money against the lands, and would have fallen to the company in proportion as the lands were sold and the bonds redeemed; the Government would have been saved its contribution, on second mortgage bonds, of \$55,092,192, on which the company can pay no interest, and the nation the disgrace of the imputation of having had perpetrated in its midst the most stupendous and disgraceful swindle of the age.

The gross earnings for the year 1872 were \$17,335,935, and for 1871, \$17,250,000. Of these large sums 65 per cent. was from local business, and 45 per cent. from through passengers and freight. The extent of the local business must surprise any one who has travelled over the road, more than does



that of the through traffic ; for no road could traverse a more unpropitious region. The fertile prairie stretches westward from the Missouri for only about 150 miles ; but this past, the train hurries for hundreds of miles through a wilderness of stunted grass, which heretofore has supported only buffalo herds and antelopes, and is still so solitary that the timid little deer stand and gaze wonderingly at the passing trains. But the road is developing an industry for its own support even in this the American Desert ; for the herbage sufficient to nourish a buffalo will support an ox or a sheep ; and now, therefore, that transport is offered for the cattle, graziers and sheep-farmers are replacing the wild by tame kine. After crossing the plains the scene for over a thousand miles is even more desolate ; high and bare mountain ridges and bleak plateaux, abandoned to the antelope, are traversed. But at the base of the mountains, a road from the South brings up from Denver the gold and silver ores and furnace stuff of Colorado, and in the mountain another branch supplies the main line with the mineral treasures of Utah ; while, ere the road reaches the Pacific slope it has obtained for transport the bulk of the \$16,000,000 of the precious metals mined annually in Nevada, as well as contributions from Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon. Altogether, 10,000 tons of ore pass monthly over the line, and yet its ~~full~~ effects on the mining interests of the region are only beginning to be felt ; for it takes many a year for the full development of that class of mines, whose success, owing to the low price of the metals they yield, or the low percentage of their ore, depends on cheap carriage.

About as far north of the Union and Central line as it is north of the Texas, is being surveyed and constructed the Northern Pacific R.R. ; and it, moreover, will run almost as near the Canadian border as the Southern will approach the Mexican frontier.

The eastern terminus of the road is Duluth,—a town springing up at the extreme west end of Lake Superior ; but from Duluth a road is under construction along the south shore of Lake Superior to connect at Sault Ste. Marie with the railway system of Canada, whenever that shall be extended so far ; and another is built to St. Paul on the Mississippi, to incorporate the Northern Pacific with the entire circle of southern and eastern roads. Duluth is, however, the natural terminus, as thence, during the summer months, water transport to many parts of the States, to the sea and all parts of Canada, may be effected through the chain of the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence and the canals connecting the great water thoroughfare with the Ohio and the Hudson.

From Duluth the road runs for 100 miles or so through the forest of Minnesota before it enters the fertile prairie which skirts the Red River. It crosses this river at the prospective city of Fargo, 242 miles from Duluth, and 150 miles south of Pembina, on the Canadian frontier. Here it was intended by the Pembina branch to tap the trade of the Canadian North-west Territory and of the Hudson Bay. Onward from Fargo the line will run through the prairie of Dakota, land somewhat more fertile than the arid plains to the south ; over the coteau of the Missouri ; across the northern tributaries of that apparently interminable stream, traversing the main river near Fort Rice ; and, after crossing several of the smaller southern tributaries of the Missouri in the next 150 miles, it will enter the valley of the Yellowstone. This valley it will ascend for several hundred miles into the recesses of the mountains of Montana, where a favourable pass, only 4950 feet high, approachable by easy grades from the east, is said to give access, on the western slope of the mountain, to the valley of the Columbia, which it will follow to the Pacific at Portland, a branch running north to the better harbour of Bellingham on Puget Sound.

Though its financial success is not regarded favourably, the road is an important undertaking, as it throughout opens a country which, though far from productive, is not so barren as many a large section of the southern routes, and is in parts of surpassing fertility. For so tempting are the inaccessible valleys of Montana, that population is even now braving every danger and difficulty to reach them. Great benefit the portion already constructed has conferred by affording carriage to the already overcrowded granaries of Minnesota, a State whose climate is as severe as that of much of our own North-west, and into which, nevertheless, because it has the same prolific soil as the Fertile Belt, emigrants have poured before there was transport for the fruit of their labour. How deeply it may affect mining it is presumptuous to predict; but, as without the means of any but the most dangerous and difficult transport for self or effects, and without the aid of adequate machinery, the hardy miner of the West extracts from the mountains of Montana, Idaho and Washington, (through the midst of which the line will pass,) no less than \$20,000,000 of treasure annually, there can be little doubt but that a road offering cheap rates and speedy carriage will so stimulate production as to draw from the mines ere long as heavy a freight as that carried by the Union Road from the more developed regions of Colorado, Southern Idaho, Utah and Nevada.

Two main sources of traffic, which the promoters have always placed in the foreground of their prospectus, and from which evidently they counted on deriving more profit than from any others, were the wheat of the Saskatchewan and the furs of Hudson Bay. But if the Canadian Pacific be built it will rob them of these.

The road was being constructed with a speed not inconsistent with economy and excellence; but Jay Cooke & Co.'s failure proves that other more cogent causes than prudential reasons account for the slowness

with which work has progressed. Captain Butler, in his amusing book, "The Great Lone Land," tells how navvies, who had idled on the Union Pacific, were groaning at being obliged to work when engaged upon the Northern road.

The estimated cost of the whole road of 2000 miles, built and equipped on the standard of the Union Pacific, is \$85,277,000, or \$42,638 per mile,—an outlay the Company expects will be met by the sale of the 50,000,000 acres of land ceded by the United States Government in aid of the undertaking.

The branch of this road terminating at Pembina brings us in contact with the Canadian Pacific, through its Red River branch.

A country without railroad communication between its provinces is as lifeless and certain to remain so as a body without arteries to carry vitality throughout its members. Consequently, when the Confederation of the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was effected in 1866, the Intercolonial R. R. was at once proposed to unite the sea-board with the inland Provinces; and when, subsequently, the North-West was purchased from the Hudson Bay Co., giving Canada control of the only extensive fertile zone in the interior of North America; and, later still, when British Columbia, lying isolated beyond the Rocky Mountains on the Pacific shore, was incorporated into the Dominion, it was argued that these acquisitions, instead of being acquisitions of power, would be but sources of weakness unless brought within easy reach of the centres of government and wealth. The Dominion Government consequently yielded without reluctance to the demand of British Columbia, as a condition of its entrance into the Confederation, that a Pacific R. R. should be built. Very few months elapsed, therefore, after the admission of that Province, before parties were in the field laying out a road between some point

near the Ottawa, accessible by the existing railroads of Quebec and Ontario, and the Pacific.

The survey thus begun has been proceeded with ever since; but still there are sections of the road on which definite information is much needed. In 1872 there was published a Progress Report of the Exploratory Survey by Sandford Fleming, the Engineer-in-chief—a mere pamphlet containing cursory narratives of the several heads of parties, and a sketch map drawn to a very small scale and disgracefully executed. An appeal in the London market for over \$100,000,000 was not likely to be successful when backed by such ambiguous reports, and a map almost as bare as a chart of the Arctic Regions.

Any railroad from ocean to ocean in Canada will naturally comprise three sections: the first terminating at Fort Garry; the second traversing the plains to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and the third crossing the mountains to the Pacific. The physical features of each section determine its limits, its importance, and its adaptability for railroad communication.

The existing railway systems of Quebec and Ontario will centre near Lake Nipissing. A spot on its south shore will, therefore, be the starting-point of the Canada Pacific. Thence the road, if it could take the course where it is most needed, would run to Sault Ste. Marie, skirt the north shore of Lake Superior to Thunder Bay, and, after crossing the low watershed between Lakes Superior and Shebandowan, follow the chain of lakes and rivers which extends uninterruptedly to Winnipeg. Such a road would open up the portion of Ontario north of Georgian Bay, greatly aid the mining enterprises already initiated on Lake Superior, and certainly afford the readiest outlet to navigable water from the interior. But the conformation of the country between the Ottawa and Winnipeg seems to render the adoption of such a route impossible. The

Laurentian Mountains, which flank the river St. Lawrence, confine the north bank of the Ottawa for about 100 miles from its confluence with the St. Lawrence, and after that river has cut through them, sweep away in the same general westerly direction, forming the shore of the Georgian Bay, and rolling onward along and beyond the north shore of Lake Superior in great waves whose troughs abut upon the Lake. The mountains skirt the lake so closely that their cliffs dip into its waters; refusing passage along its shore to any road. Beyond Lake Superior they stretch into American territory before sweeping round Hudson's Bay, and form the watershed between that sea and the Mackenzie. The range from end to end, though not averaging 1,500 feet high, is corrugated deeply, and the corrugations run across its longitudinal axis, and therefore across the course of any railroad traversing the continent from east to west. So serious an impediment do these transverse folds offer to the passage of a road along the shores of Lake Superior, that it has been deemed more advisable to run a line far north of the lake, along the level ridge that divides the waters of the St. Lawrence system from those flowing into Hudson's Bay, than to go to the great expense of levelling a track across a country rough as a saw's edge. The proposal is to follow the heights of land between Hudson's Bay and Lake Superior; to send off branches from Nipissing to Sault Ste. Marie, and from the north shore of Lake Nipigon to some convenient points on Lake Superior; and after leaving Nipigon to run down in a south-westerly direction to the east end of Lake Winnipeg.

This long stretch of 900 miles of road, through a country quite uninhabited and likely to remain so, clad with forests so scanty and of such poor quality as to be comparatively valueless for lumbering purposes, is the great drawback to the whole enterprise. It is true, if a road be run there it will give access to the vast territory which

would otherwise remain for long or for ever an unpenetrated wilderness ; and that mineral wealth, such as the present appearances indicate to extend inland from the borders of Lake Superior, may by its agency be exposed, which would otherwise have for ever remained concealed. The road will also cross the head waters of the Moose and Albany Rivers, by which canoe routes exist to and from the Hudson's Bay Factory on James' Bay ; and the lumber along the road may some day or other find profitable sale when the almost treeless prairie beyond is stripped entirely of its wood. Even already the forests of Michigan and Minnesota are being exhausted to supply the scattered population of the Prairie States, and lumber is taken to Iowa and Nebraska from distances greater than from Nepigon to Manitoba. These considerations, however, do not begin to outweigh the disadvantage of having to run a road for 900 miles through a region so valueless, except in a few river bottoms, to the agriculturist, and to keep open, without the aid of casual labour, a road certain to be blocked with snow during a long and severe winter. A road by the lake shore would, for reasons already pointed out, be vastly preferable. But if a shore route is impracticable, it only remains to leave our shore at Sault Ste. Marie, use the American railroad lines of the south shore to Duluth, and then return to our own territory, striking the Dawson chain of lakes as speedily as possible, say at some point on Rainy Lake or River. If this plan, or that of using the U. S. lines still further, and making the connection with our own at Pembina, should be adopted, it would, nevertheless, be necessary to open up direct steam communication between Fort Garry and Thunder Bay—for Thunder Bay is open earlier in the season than Duluth, and the distance is shorter to Lake Superior at Fort William than to Duluth via Pembina. As such a route would be useful only during the summer months, after the open-

ing of navigation it might be effected partly by steamers and partly by rail. For, though the distance between Fort Garry and Fort William is over 450 miles, by using the navigable waters of the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake, 450 feet of lockage and 150 miles of railway will suffice to unite them for steam communication. From Sir Hugh Allan's evidence it appears that the scheme, planned by him and his friends of the Northern Pacific R. R., contemplated the abandonment of Canadian soil at the Sault and a return to it at some point beyond Duluth ; and were it not for the advisability of having railroad communication within our own limits, the plan would not be a bad one. It is not possible to foretell the course of events on either side of the line, but it is easy to imagine contingencies in which the possession of a through land route of our own might be of the greatest moment ; and, therefore, if we go to the enormous cost of building the road at all, it may as well be made to serve a political as well as a commercial purpose, even if it cost a little more. The country north of Lake Superior is still such a *terra incognita* that we can only hope the fear entertained of insuperable difficulties in the way of a shore line may be found not to exist, and that yet a route may be discovered that will bring the copper mines of the Sault, the silver mines of Thunder Bay, the gold of Lake Shebandowan, and the good lumber and farm lands along the Dawson Route, within range of our transcontinental road.

The Laurentian formation, with its succession of low ridges, lakes and swamps, ends at about 500 miles west of Lake Superior in a cluster of large lakes, the most prominent of which, Lake Winnipeg, receives at its south-east corner the waters of the Winnipeg River, fed by the chain of lakes above described, which take their origin in the watershed not forty miles distant from Lake Superior. Into the extreme south end of this same Lake Winnipeg, there flows

the Red River which rises in Dakota and Minnesota, and on which steamers ply from Pembina on the United States frontier to the Lake itself; and into its north-west extension flows the mighty stream of the Saskatchewan, which, as a navigable river, rolls from the very base of the Rocky Mountains through 1,000 miles of prairie, at first divided, then united, into this great reservoir. Rich prairie skirts the Red River and its no less important tributary, the Assiniboine, as well as the Saskatchewan, to its very source, and though there are tracts of land intervening between the streams unfit for settlement, the proportion of good land far exceeds the waste. From Winnipeg, therefore, as a centre, steamboat communication can, with but occasional interruptions, be opened by the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake for nearly 500 miles to the east; by the Red River southward into the United States; by the Assiniboine for 400 miles to the south-west; by the Saskatchewan as far as Fort Edmonton—only 200 miles from the summit of the mountains—and about 1,000 miles west of the river's mouth.

A more glorious river system no country in the world can boast of, and the question at once suggests itself: With such facilities for steam navigation, what need of a railroad in the present infantile state of our North West? Why not remove the impediments to unbroken navigation—if they can be removed, give access by water to every section of this vast region, and confine the railroad scheme for the present to giving egress by means of a line to Pembina, and for summer traffic one from Rainy Lake to Lake Superior?

Along the Red River, and abutting on the south ends of Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, has been laid out the Province of Manitoba, with the town of Winnipeg, the old Red River Settlement, as its capital.

Thither, as now proposed, the road will bear down out of the Laurentian Hills to the east, and after crossing the Red River

at Lower Fort Garry, fairly enter the so-called *Fertile Belt*, and its middle section.

It is difficult to convey a correct impression of the vastness of this great productive region. Its superficial extent is about 480,000 square miles, or equal to that of France, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland: the proportion of cultivable land to barren is probably as great as in those fertile countries, while the natural system of water communication is even more perfect and extensive. It forms a huge basin, sloping from the coteaux of the Missouri in the south, from the Rocky Mountains in the west, and from the Laurentian Hills, which skirt Hudson's Bay, in the east, while to the north it sinks into the Arctic Ocean. The least fertile is its southern extension, viz: that lying nearest the United States frontier, and forming the confines of the American desert; but even here, on the Souris and the Qu'appelle rivers, Hind allows that 25 per cent. of the land is of the richest quality. North of the north branch of the Saskatchewan occurs a zone of timber, and thence northward to the limit of the region of the profitable culture of wheat, about the parallel  $57^{\circ}$ , forest alternates with good open pasture land. The road is laid down diagonally across the southern and western edges of this basin, and runs for about 1,000 miles from Fort Garry in lat.  $50^{\circ}$  n., long.  $97^{\circ}$  w., to Fort Edmonton, in lat.  $53^{\circ} 30'$  n., and long.  $103^{\circ}$  w., for a distance therefore as great as that which separates London from Naples. These points, distant as they are, lie in what was once a great lake bottom, where an enormous depth of alluvium collected, through which the present rivers have cut deep, precipitous troughs—so deep and so wide as to oppose the only engineering difficulties which the construction of a road will meet with in this section. The tract of country, fertile enough to attract emigration, drained by the Winnipeg River system, and through which the road will run, is as large as the following States:—



Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, which contain well nigh the whole of the famous prairie lands of the West.

Without predicting as rapid a progress for the prairie land of our North-west as has attended those of the United States, it is yet legitimate to anticipate that, with facilities of transport, the influx of population into the Fertile Belt will bear some proportion to that which has swept over the more southern prairie. And this has been without parallel in the history of the world; for in 1850 the population of the following States was:

Missouri.....	682,044	} Total, 2,036,196.
Illinois .....	851,470	
Iowa .....	191,214	
Wisconsin .....	305,391	
Minnesota .....	6,077	

While by the census of 1870 they are returned at—

Missouri.....	1,721,295	} Total, 6,949,582.
Illinois .....	2,539,891	
Iowa .....	1,194,020	
Wisconsin .....	1,054,670	
Minnesota .....	439,706	

And the increase in the productions of these States has been in even higher ratio than that of population. But these marvellous results have been attained only by the aid of railways. In 1850 there were in the whole United States only 7,475 miles of railroad, and except in Illinois hardly a length of track had been laid upon the prairie. In 1872 there were, of road built, surveyed, and under contract, in

Missouri ....	5,102 miles	} 25,276 miles.
Illinois .....	9,017 "	
Iowa .....	4,201 "	
Wisconsin .....	3,513 "	
Minnesota .....	3,443 "	

The manner of the Americans has been to run a road through every habitable district, not waiting till settlers enter, demand the road and offer to pay for it; but building the road first, certain that settlement will rapidly invade the country lying on either side of it, and thus not only give value to the land grant with which the road

has been endowed, but quickly make a paying freight. The plan has succeeded to the benefit of the country; but with the further result of flooding the market with railroad stocks, many of which cannot possibly have any present value.

Whatever benefit has attended the system south of the line of 49°, should follow its adoption north of it; and, with the example of our neighbours' mistakes before us, we should improve upon their practice. The institutions of Canada are as liberal as those of the States, and the advantages it can offer to the emigrant in some respects are greater: for, while the farmers on both sides of the line must sell in the same market, he to the south must buy in a dear market, while he to the north has the advantage of a cheap one.

But not only will the markets of Europe be open to the farmer in the Fertile Belt—a large demand may some day or other grow up for the products of his farm in the mining districts of the Saskatchewan Valley, along the same meridian of longitude. For should the population of the territories from Montana to Arizona continue to increase as rapidly as it has for some years past, these comparatively barren tracts must draw their supplies from abroad, and it will be easier to supply some of them from the banks of the Saskatchewan than from the prairie to the east or California to the west.

And from the opposite direction might a road not look for some support? The water system of the Winnipeg is trifling in extent compared with that of the Mackenzie. We have adopted the parallel of 57° as limiting the region of profitable wheat production. This line runs to the south of Arthabaska Lake, into which flows, after a course of nearly 1,000 miles, the Arthabaska River. It takes its rise in that birth-place of mighty streams, the mountains around Mounts Brown and Hooker. From Arthabaska Lake issues Slave River, which is joined by the still larger Peace River, ere the united

streams swell into Great Slave Lake. Thence flows the Mackenzie River, navigable for large ships for about 1,000 miles from its discharge into the Arctic Ocean. Upon its banks coal in boundless quantities exists, and within Behring Straits, at its mouth, the richest whale fisheries known. These fisheries are now reached by a 16,000 mile voyage. When only 2,000 miles of inland navigation separates them from railway communication with the Atlantic, may there not spring up on the Mackenzie a town as large as any on the Dwina, the centre of a fishing trade which will be carried on more profitably from a port near at hand than from depots at the distance almost of the earth's circumference? Thus the Canadian road may help and be helped in return by these dreary regions of ice and snow, which yet supply their quota to the store of the earth's products.

The third section commences at Fort Edmonton, and there the road will cross from the Valley of the Saskatchewan into that of the Arthabaska. The scenery here changes, and the road commences to ascend toward the summit of the Yellow Head Pass. It is, however, a misnomer to call this pass a mountain summit; for although high hills and steep cliffs close around the valley of the Arthabaska and the Upper Arthabaska Lake, by which the road will penetrate the mountains, the summit is reached so imperceptibly that, not till the traveller recognises the fact of his having crossed the watershed by the flow westward of the sources of the Fraser, is he aware that the dreadful Rocky Mountains have been passed. Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle, who followed very nearly the same route from Fort Garry to Kamloops, as the railway, were here taken by surprise:—

"The path proved easier the next day after leaving Jasper House, and in the course of our morning journey we were surprised by coming upon a stream flowing to the westward. We had unconsciously passed the

Height of Land and gained the watershed of the Pacific. The ascent had been so gradual and imperceptible that, until we had the evidence of the water flow, we had no suspicion that we were even near the directing ridge."

Yellow Head Pass is only 3,760 feet above the sea, and so much lower than any to the south, that the Northern Pacific promoters, according to Sir Hugh Allan, proposed to deviate far from their direct course in order to avail themselves of it. The same mountain range (the eastern) is crossed by the Union Pacific at the height of 8,235 feet; but what is perhaps more indicative of the advantage of the Canadian route is the fact that the highest point is 2,300 feet lower than Cheyenne, where the Union Pacific only commences to scale the mountains. All the elements of the Rocky Mountains, as seen in their grandest development along the line of the Union Pacific, exist where they are crossed by the Canadian, but on a reduced scale. The plains which in the one case rise from Omaha to Cheyenne, from 1,450 feet to 6,062 feet, in the other rise from only 640 feet at Fort Garry to 2,650 feet at Jasper House. Beyond Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific, the steep slope of the Eastern Range is ascended, and the summits reached in 33 miles, at 2,201 feet above that station: whereas at Jasper House, where the mountain grades may be said to begin, the ascent on the Canadian road is so easy that, in 120 miles, the rise is only 1,100 feet, or 9 feet to the mile. The Wasatch and Nevada ranges of the central route have their continuations in the Gold, Selkirk and Cascade ranges of British Columbia; and, had the Canadian road to pursue a straight course from east to west, over range after range of high, steep hills, the difficulties of the undertaking would be as great or greater than those which beset the engineers of the Central. Nature, however, seems to have come to our assistance, to judge by the somewhat scanty information

we possess ; for, almost interlocking with the sources of the Saskatchewan and Arthabaska, flowing east, are the sources of the north branch of the Columbia and of the Fraser, flowing west. The Fraser cuts through the coast range, and discharges into the sea at a point not more than 175 miles south of its source. One of its tributaries, the north branch of the Thompson, can be struck at a few miles from the summit of the pass ; but, as to follow its sinuosities would be a long and tedious task, this may be avoided by a feasible passage from the Thompson valley to the valley of the north branch of the Fraser itself ; and the main river may then be followed to the magnificent harbour of New Westminster. The existing surveys indicate that a road of a regular grade (with but one trifling variation) of 50 feet to the mile, can be built from Yellow Head Pass to Kamloops, a distance of 267 ½ miles, and continued to the sea, 243 miles further, with a grade of only 3 feet to the mile.

A road descending the densely wooded Pacific slope of British Columbia, would be probably well supplied with down freight. Oregon pine is the staple lumber used from north to south of the west coast, and with the rapid growth of California and the South American Republics, the demand will grow more rapidly than facilities for its supply can be provided. Besides which, the road crosses the same ranges, composed of the same rocks, and known to carry the same minerals as does the Union Pacific, and we have seen that the carriage of ore is the chief local traffic of that line. Gold has been found on the eastern slope of the mountains in Canadian territory, and in very large quantities on the western. Silver mines are being worked, and others, less favourably situated, are waiting to be opened. The progress of mining industry will necessarily be slower than it has been further south, for the discovery of mineral deposits is easy when the hill-sides are so bare and barren that

lodes can be traced by their colour or protrusion, but difficult and slow when the explorer has to cut his way through dense forests—through swamps strewn with fallen trees—and over country deep covered with soil or carpeted with moss. Still the ore is there. We have good earnest of that in the annual extraction from the alluvium of the Caribou district of 1 ½ millions of gold ; and there is little likelihood of the arbitrary line of 49° cutting off the uninterrupted belts of precious metals which stretch from Arizona north to Montana. How vast is the treasure production of the Rocky Mountains (the growth, be it remembered, of only 23 years of enterprise) may be gathered from the following estimate for 1870, taken from the report of the U. S. Commissioner of Mines :—

California.....	\$25,000,000
Montana—adjoining Canada.....	9,100,000
Idaho—adjoining Canada ....	6,000,000
Utah .....	1,300,000
Arizona .....	800,000
Colorado .....	3,675,000
Oregon and Washington—the latter adjoining Canada.....	3,000,000
Wyoming .....	100,000
Nevada .....	16,000,000
New Mexico.....	500,000
Other sources.....	525,000
	<hr/>
	\$66,000,000

A comparison of the lengths of the lines built, building or projected, across the continent, does certainly not redound to the discredit of the Canadian route. From ocean to ocean the Texas Pacific will afford the shortest transit, as from San Diego to New Orleans will be only about 1,800 miles, but to New Orleans there are so many objections as a shipping port, that it will be, perhaps, fairer to take New York as the Atlantic terminus of all the lines.

Then the order as to length in which the roads stand will be—

- I. New Westminster to New York (Canadian Pacific)... 3,058 miles.

2. Bellingham to New York (Northern Pacific).....	3,135 "
3. San Diego to New York (Texas Pacific).....	3,213 "
4. San Francisco to New York (Central and Union Pacific)	3,410 "

But though New York will be the terminus of the Union Pacific, Montreal would probably be that at which both the Northern and Canadian roads would discharge most of their freight; and when the distance between their termini is taken, the advantage is sure to be largely in favour of the northern routes; and again, the Canadian stands first:—

1. New Westminster to Montreal (Canadian Pacific).....	2,730 miles.
2. Bellingham to Montreal (Northern Pacific).....	2,950 "
3. San Francisco to New York (Central and Union Pacific)	3,410 "

The problem which Columbus set himself to solve in the 15th century, to discover the most expeditious road from Europe to the East, the engineer of the Canadian Pacific claims to have solved—for the distance of the principal ports of China and Japan from Liverpool is, by the Canadian route, from 1,000 to 1,200 miles less than by way of San Francisco, and 1,500 miles shorter than by San Diego and New Orleans.

The severity of the winter, and the depth of snow, from end to end of the Canadian route, will be the greatest disadvantage under which it will labour. The Northern Pacific, lying so little to the south, will be almost as much inconvenienced; and how serious this inconvenience will be may be judged of from the blockade which beset the trains of the Union Pacific the winter before last on the plains, and not upon the mountains.

The summer heat along the line of the railroad from Fort Garry to Edmonton is that of Chicago and Philadelphia, and the winter, though the thermometer often indicates as low a degree of cold, is not so long as that of Quebec, nor does the snow lie so

deep. In no part of Quebec can horses and cattle find sustenance for themselves in the open country from December to May, and yet over the prairie and forest lands of the North-West the snow lies so scantily, and the summer herbage retains so much nutrition beneath the snow, that horses and (except in the spring) horned cattle can reach it and thrive. The climate does not appear to be more unfavourable to agriculture than that of Northern Minnesota, which is progressing, though not so rapidly as the South-Western States; but yet snow, especially in open prairie country, is so terrible an impediment to railway traffic that, if it be decided to build our road, the first work done should be to plant a belt of trees on each side the proposed line. The low elevation at which our road will cross the mountains is, of course, in its favour; but how early snow falls, and that in quantities not slight, Mr. Selwyn's account of his excursion up the Fraser River in 1871 testifies.

Should the road be built? is the question which, despite its having been already decided in the affirmative, will probably again come up for discussion. To settle it will not be easy, for the advantages are so great, and the difficulties so enormous and many, that one can hardly balance them, and avoid saying *yea* decisively, while looking at one side of the argument, and as decisively reversing one's opinion when turning to the other.

That railroad access must be given to Manitoba as speedily as possible, hardly admits of question; but whether from political motives we should at once build 900 miles of useless road to attain that object, when it might be achieved by a useful road of about 65 miles, uniting with the Northern Pacific at Pembina, is very doubtful. The cost of building the road from Nipissing to Manitoba will be great, and unless used for the carriage of through freight during the winter, or in case of a political emergency, not

a whit more useful than would be connecting railroad links between the stretches of navigable waters along the Dawson route. If practicable, both branches of the Saskatchewan and the Assiniboine should be made navigable for steamboats as near their sources as possible. This is necessary, whether a railroad be built or not.

Once able to reach our North-West by railroad, the plains should become so rapidly peopled as to require the gradual extension of the road from east to west. The prudent course, therefore, would seem to be, to build at once the Pembina branch, and to open steam communication, by boat and rail, for summer traffic between Fort Garry and Fort William on Lake Superior. Then the Fertile Belt will be accessible by steam at all seasons of the year, and every facility will be offered that can tempt emigration thither. If emigration does not then set in, it will be the fault of the country, and all Canada will be disappointed; but not as deeply so as if one or two hundred millions had been wasted on the experiment. Steamers on the Saskatchewan and the Assiniboine will aid the settlement of the prairie, and prepare traffic for the railroad, which can be, as required, advanced towards the Rocky Mountains. For the eastern extension from Fort William to Lake Nipissing, if it cannot be built along the Lake Shore, a better route may be discovered than the very objectionable one proposed; and the western extension over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, can be completed when, the rest of the road being opened, it will be worth our while competing for the trade of Asia: though in advance of that day—and perhaps at once—a Fraser River R.R. might with advantage be built by the Dominion to aid in developing the internal resources of British Columbia.

The cost of building and equipping the road would be not under \$100,000,000. This is at the estimated cost per mile of the Texas Pacific, viz., \$40,000. Consequently,

the interest on the initial outlay would be \$5,000,000, and may not as much more be allowed for many years for the loss in running it and keeping it in repair. Is the road sure to be of such advantage to the country as to tempt it to saddle itself with such a frightful debt? I suspect not. All the assistance the road would immediately render towards the development of the interior might be obtained much more cheaply in the manner pointed out. When the stream of population has set in towards the North-West, the sale of Government lands will supply the funds to complete the road. We go upon the assumption that the road will be built by the Government and not by a subsidized company. Sir Hugh Allan having failed, under most favourable circumstances, to raise the money, no one else is likely to succeed, even if foolish enough to attempt it in the present most adverse position of the money market. The financial crisis in the States shows unmistakeably that however beneficial to the districts invaded by new railroads may have been the system of running roads through uninhabited tracts in the hope of future remuneration, the results to the shareholders in the road have been so disastrous that the money-lending public has decided they will lend no more. Jay Cooke & Co.'s failure, and that of Tom Scott, have shown that, despite their high reputation as financiers, and the wide-cast plan of advertising adopted by the former, they could not tempt subscription to Pacific bonds. If so, no one is likely to subscribe to Canada Pacific bonds, unless principal and interest be guaranteed by Government; and if Government guarantees the whole cost in cash, Government may as well enjoy what little chance there is of profit. The present railroad stock crash proves, moreover, that, although the subsidy offered by Government seemed too liberal, it would have required a much more tempting bait to have overcome the widespread distrust of the fair promises of rail-



way builders. Jay Cooke & Co. offered subscribers to the Northern Pacific bonds a good slice out of the continent, and this in a region, they pretended, of salubrious climate, rich soil, and mines of wondrous richness; but as the result shows, there were hardly found a hundred among the millions who read the glowing descriptions, that believed a word of them, and showed themselves sincere by investing in the enterprise. Their failure further throws a flood of light upon the meaning of the American endeavour to share in the Canadian Pacific scheme, and to amalgamate it with the Northern road.

The intention of the American R. R. President and his friends was not so much, by gaining control of the subsidy, to use this control for the purpose of keeping the 50,000,000 acres of our land out of the market while they sold their own, as to obtain possession of the \$30,000,000 cash, which, by judicious manipulation, even though spent upon the Canadian portion of the amalgamated road, would have enabled them, if not to bridge over their financial difficulties altogether, at any rate to ward off the evil day. In fine, it is evident that undertakings of such magnitude as the Pacific railroads are not to be hastily embarked in.

Shrewd men, with more at stake than Cabinet ministers and Members of Parliament, have been so blinded with the dazzling brilliancy of the bright side of the picture, that when they turned it round the dark side seemed to glow with all the brightness of the reverse; just as when, after looking at the sun, its image becomes so impressed upon the retina that we see it gleaming through the darkness for hours afterwards. And where there is doubt of ultimate success, as there undoubtedly is doubt of the rapid peopling of our North-West, if it be possible to resolve the doubt at a trifling outlay instead of at a ruinous cost, it is evidently prudent to do so. This we can do by affording cheap and rapid transport from the North-West, thus determining whether the tide of emigration can be turned thither. When assured that our prairies will teem with populations as thriving as those of Illinois and Iowa, then it will be high time to continue our road eastward and westward to the Atlantic and the Pacific. Our engagements to British Columbia may stand in the way of such tentative measures: but surely such an anomaly is possible as the Dominion pleading with one of its Provinces for "better terms."

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#### CANADA.

FROM ocean to ocean, by gulf and rock,  
 By Niagara's roar, and plunge and shock  
 Up the grand, broad river, clear and cold,  
 'Mid island on island a thousand-fold,  
 Where the world's navies might freely ride,  
 Rock'd on the cradle of its tide:  
 To lakes that widen in shoreless sweep  
 Of horizons mating the mighty deep;  
 Inland oceans, and strange their craft,  
 Islanded with the lumberer's raft:  
 A town adrift with lodge and ward,  
 Captain, pilot, and burgher-guard,

Afloat with a care for the fickle guile  
That lurks 'neath the broad lake's sunniest smile.  
Storm-swept, land-locked, tideless seas,  
Rippling idly in the July breeze,  
That has welcome wherever it fares its way,  
Through widening clearings that greet the day.  
The pine-tops sway in the sweep of its wind ;  
The grape-vine tendrils, tremulous, bind  
The rich festoons of the bass-wood tree ;  
The hickory sways its gnarled limbs free,  
And waves its nut-laden boughs, leaf-fringed.  
The elm lifts her graceful head, fan-ranged ;  
While the hemlock steadies its bald, spiked top,  
And the birch on the creek-side is all aslope.  
The aspen turns up its white-lined rims,  
And the cedar quivers through all its limbs  
To welcome a stir of the July air.

For the tropics have come to their snowy lair,  
Where the stars gleam'd down so clear and cold  
Ere winter pined, and grew faint and old,  
While the keen north frost and the jovial sun  
Wrestled and strove till the fight was won.  
Snow-land and sun-land wed together :  
First comes the gay, bright wintry weather,  
The cheery sleigh-bells, the snow-shoe race,  
And toboggan swift as the lightning's pace ;  
The ice-boat, the rink, and the roaring stone :  
Then, presto ! and lo ! the winter's gone.  
The leaves are out, hepaticas bloom,  
Trillium and orchid outvie the loom,  
Pyrola with its fragrant dower,  
Liver-leaf, bellwort, and moccasin flower ;  
While the ploughed land heaves in its living mould  
To ripen the grain a thousand-fold.

Rest, and then haste : the busy hand  
Toiling to reap from the bounteous land  
The lavish harvest, that freely pours  
Such plenteous hoard in this lap of ours.  
'Tis hands we want for willing toil,  
To gather the harvest and share the spoil.  
Come and welcome ; the merrier still,  
The more the hungry mouths to fill.

Come o'er the ocean's thousand miles,  
Where the first ripe grain of the clearing smiles ;  
Haste, from the gloom of the city lane,  
To the laughing fields of our wide domain ;  
To its peace and plenty—its boundless west,  
Where the sun goes in search of new ocean rest,  
As he climbs from the prairie-plain at last,  
And looks, from the rocky steep, o'er the vast,  
Far-spread, isle-wed Pacific sea,  
Like another broad, green prairie lea,  
Which he gilds as gay as the tassel'd corn  
When its cobs are gold, and its broad leaves turn  
Their ocean of green to a dusky brown ;  
Till the day-bringer, wearied, plunges down—  
Far-spied in his westerling course, way-worn—  
From Atlantic's surf to Pacific's bourne,  
On our young Dominion's broad highway,  
With the dawn of an ever-renewing day.

A land of promise fair, and meet  
For the Old-World wanderers' weary feet ;  
A virgin soil for our young world's seeds  
To quicken and ripen to glorious deeds :  
A golden legend to rehearse  
In unborn poets' glowing verse,  
When the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
The harvest of life's elder seeds,  
Shall give its glory to the scroll  
Which the growing years unroll—  
When the world shall reach its prime  
In the golden age of the coming time.

D. W.

## SPIRITS AND WATER.

A GHOST STORY.

BY EVENLY.

IT was the twentieth of August of the hottest summer within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." All the world had left London and were shooting grouse in Scotland, or yachting at Cowes, or climbing mountains in Switzerland. Every one had gone; not a soul was to be seen except those stray thousands who are in London in season and out of season, and who are, therefore, counted as nobodies. At four o'clock on that twentieth of August, I, John Haseldean, junior partner of the well-known Lincoln's Inn firm, Sharp, Smooth and Haseldean, was sitting disconsolate in my residence chambers in Gray's Inn Square. There was a press of business at our place—purchases and other matters that had to be settled up before quarter day. Sharp had got a moor in Scotland that year, and no power on earth could keep him in London after the 12th; Smooth was doing his best to drown himself in a friend's yacht off the Channel Islands, where the waters do not, by any means, correspond with his name; so I, unlucky mortal, had to stay to support the burden and heat of the day, and to curse my unhappy fate and all mankind. I had left the office earlier that day, and had betaken myself to my rooms in Gray's Inn, in the hope of finding them a shade less hot, close and intolerable than my office. They were more dusty and untidy than usual, and I was informed by a slatternly girl who met me on the stairs that "Pleasir, Mrs. Icks is gone down to Margate, sir, and she've left me to do for you sir, pleasir,"—the said Mrs. Icks being my laundress. My prospect was not cheering in front—for there lay the arid waste of Gray's Inn Square, baked and double-baked in the sun. The

very porter had gone out of town and left a deputy who ill supplied his place, and could not inspire with proper awe the youthful population of the neighbourhood, some of whom had established a very successful game of hop-scotch on the opposite pavement, in defiance of the rules. Besides these unlawful intruders, not a soul passed in sight except a stray cat, who stole cautiously and furtively to an appointment in the gardens. The view from my back windows into Gray's Inn Lane was more lively; but the life was not of an agreeable description, and the smells still less so. Truck after truck of soft yellow pears and hard shiny plums passed along or stopped by the pavement, holding out liberal promises of cholera to any amount of purchasers at a very trifling cost, and two barrel-organs at equal distances, one playing "Tommy Dodd" and the other "The Grecian Bend," made madness more than a possibility. I had just settled down to despondency and a cigar when the unaccustomed sound of a hansom rattling under the archway into the square drew me to the front window, and I beheld the vehicle in question draw up before the house, and to my amazement out stepped Lorrimer, of the Red Tape and Foolscap Office. I had not imagined that any of my friends were sharing the miseries of my existence in London; but the sight of him recalled our last meeting at the club, when he told me that he did not see any chance of being off to his people in Devonshire for some weeks. He and I were of the same year at Cambridge, had been at old Trinity together and lived on the same staircase; besides, the sight of a fellow-sufferer is refreshing to poor humanity. He did not leave

me long in suspense as to his purpose, for he was out of the cab, up the stairs and into my room before I could turn round.

"I thought I should catch you," he said. "Come, put up your togs and come along with me. We've only just time to catch the train; so sharp's the word."

"Togs?" I said, bewildered; "train? Are you mad?"

"Not a bit," was his answer; "are you? I can't stand the heat in this horrid old Babel, so I'm going to turn amphibious, and I want you to do the same. Do you know Bargrave? Jolliest little place on the Thames; get down there in an hour; jolly little inn; have a row in the evening and a bathe in the morning and business all day. What do you say?"

"Done," was my answer; and in five minutes I had thrown some things into a bag, and Lorrimer and I were in the hansom.

"Paddington as fast as you can," Lorrimer said, and off we started. Just in time—tickets—smoking carriage, cigars—*Pall Mall*, *Punch*—doors banged, whistle, and we are off.

"What put this into your head?" I asked when the rows of dingy houses were left behind, and we were steaming along at a good rate between green fields and hedges.

"Inspiration," Lorrimer answered. "The smells and the heat were beginning, like a worm in the bud, to prey on my damask cheek. A more than usually unsavoury reminder from Father Thames, through the windows of Somerset House, was the last straw that broke the back of any possibility of staying in London, and at the same time suggested a remedy; and I made up my mind to take a hair of the dog that bit me, and try Thames air and water, only 50 miles or so nearer its source."

A quick journey of about an hour, and the train stopped at a small station.

"Here we are already, by Jove," exclaimed Lorrimer, and out we got.

We were at once besieged by half-a-do-

zen flymen, who were anxious to take our bodies and bags to any destination in one of their mouldy-looking vehicles, but we left them to fight for the prey that had already escaped their clutches, and, bag in hand, set off in the direction of Bargrave. A mile and a half of dusty road took us there—not an interesting road, but enlivened by fresh air, the sight of distant willows, and by a covey of partridges rising in a turnip field across the hedge, and suggesting thoughts of September and old shooting adventures. These beguiled the way till we reached Bargrave, and found ourselves in a long straggling village street. That is the parsonage on the left, grey brick, faced with red, and just beyond it you get a glimpse of the church, with a square brick tower nearly covered with ivy. Then cottages and small houses, and the village shop; then garden walls and glimpses of pretty river-side houses and trim gardens; and between the garden walls we got our first sight of the river, dancing and sparkling.

"Here is the Ferry Inn, where we will put up if we can," said Lorrimer, when we had nearly reached the end of the village. A bright, cheerful-looking little inn it is, with the road to the ferry leading down by it; the front gives on the road, and there is a porch covered with honeysuckles, and a bar to tempt thirsty souls from the dusty way to Penleigh; behind, it looks full on the river, only divided from it by a little strip of bright garden and a yard, where boats drawn up and oars and fishing tackle lie about in picturesque confusion. No cadaverous waiter, with a grimy napkin over his arm, receives us, but a rosy-cheeked, smiling country girl.

"Can we have two bed-rooms and a sitting-room?"

"Bed-rooms? yes; sitting-room? doubtful. Mr. Pigment, a sketching gent, has took the best parlour for the season." Then appears mine host, old and obliging. "Very sorry; but if the gentlemen would not mind



making use of a little room he generally kept for himself, it was quite at their service. He was afraid it was not very comfortable, but," etc., etc.

"All right;" the gentlemen had no objection; and so we were established in what Lorrimer called "our diggings."

"Now, then," said I, "for dinner." "Dinner? not a bit of it. My teeth won't stand country chops," said Lorrimer. "If you happen to be at Newcastle, don't order up a yule log. No, leave ordering to me, and I'll undertake to please you. Here, Mary, let's have tea at once, do you hear? and bread and butter, and broiled ham and eggs—plenty of them, and hot—and look sharp about it. And look here," he shouted after her, "tell them to have a nice light boat ready for us directly we have done tea."

Off went Mary, and a minute or two after a frizzling sound and a savoury smell saluted our ears and noses, and we saw the little rosy-cheeked maid in close confabulation with the ferryman, who immediately began putting cushions and oars into as neat a little craft as heart of boating man could desire. I must not linger over the description of our tea as we did over the consumption of it; for our appetites were keen and the supply unlimited—indeed, our waitress seemed quite surprised when we cried "Hold, enough!" Suffice it to say that we felt ourselves wiser and better men when we turned out afterwards into the yard.

"Hang training," said Lorrimer, shooting out his arms on either side of him, as if he had the biceps of a prize-fighter. "I never felt in better trim for a row than I do now. Come on, Jack, we will astonish the natives. But you can do what you like here; they don't know much of good rowing."

"Right." Off we go, and were soon gliding at a decent pace down the river, leaving pretty Bargrave behind us. Smooth, green fields on one side, where sleek, ruminative cows looked up at us as we passed from the fresh, thick grass; on the other

side, higher ground with thick woods, sometimes coming down to the water's edge, and dipping their branches into the stream, sometimes standing back to give us a glimpse of some pretty country-house with smooth lawns and bright flower gardens and young ladies at croquet. The towing-path kept us company, now on one side, now on the other, with that sad want of decision of character common to towing-paths, not knowing which side of the river it liked best. There were water-lilies, white and yellow, and a few late forget-me-nots, and purple-spik'd flowers, and bushes with bright scarlet berries. Moor hens peeped shyly out at us from the green rushes and startled water; rats dived out of sight or whisked into snug holes, and once a kingfisher flashed down the stream like a tropical creature. Cockneys that we were, we noticed it all.

After all, there is something in training. Did we astonish the natives? Not exactly in the way we meant. A four went by belonging to one of the boating clubs, and we were obliged to confess that we did not quite come up to their form. A randau of three young ladies, with a young Eton brother steering, looked at us, I am sorry to say, with amusement rather than admiration, and Lorrimer was so overcome by their derision that he, as nearly as possible, caught a crab, the duffer! The young ladies, whom we saw frequently afterwards, and christened the Randau Girls, rowed very tidily. They used to put on a spurt when they saw us coming, and would go by in style, while Lorrimer and I would rest on our oars and put our heads on one side, and look critically at their rowing, and our criticism was never lost on them. There was a young man who, as we soon found out, was a great admirer of one of the Randau Girls. We called him Young Pughery, for hot or cold, wet or fine, he wore a pughery on his hat. Thought it suited his delicate complexion, I have no doubt. He was regularly "spoons" and no mistake. He used to paddle about in a

canoe, and thought himself no end of a swell at boating. He seemed rather inclined to cotton up to us at first, but one evening he came to grief in his canoe, and got spilt, and Lorrimer with unnecessary zeal (for the beggar could swim) fished him out with a boat-hook, and landed him on the bank like a great eel, with the Randa Girls looking on and laughing at him. He could not get over this affront to his dignity; he hated us like poison ever after, and would not have been sorry to pay us off, but he never got a chance. I am wandering away from that first row down the river, but for the next week every evening passed in the same way, and there is little enough to describe. Sometimes we went up the river past Boatland, with its pretty church on a hill, and Stonning, a snug little place with trees all round it, to red-brick, sensible Medington, or down the river to dear old Penleigh, well known to boating men. We grew to know a good many people by sight, and to give them names according to their various peculiarities, but luckily there was no one we knew, and being away all day saved us from callers, so we had a very jolly, free-and-easy sort of a life, and sacrificed very little to the little god of appearances. A swim in the river and an eight o'clock breakfast, then off to the train, and a morning paper and a cigar took us to London and to business; and by four o'clock we were shaking the dust from our feet, and turning our faces to Bargrave.

One evening, as we were setting off, Lorrimer said, "I say, Jack, let's have a punt one day and bob for gudgeon, with a man to stick on worms and take off fish. Look at those two fellows there; how jolly quiet and comfortable they look; only they don't go in for a man to do the dirty work."

"That must be a pretty good place for something or other," said I, "for I've seen them there once or twice before. What does one catch out of a punt besides

gudgeon? I'm not knowing in these matters; would it be perch or roach?

"Oh, I fancy it's all fish that comes to their net; but we'll have a try at it and see."

When we got in, we asked mine host whether we could have a punt some evening.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I've plenty of tackle, and several punts handy too, but gents don't seem to care for punting as much as they used. My man hasn't been out with any one this month or so, and we've little enough use for them punts, except that the boys has 'em sometimes to go about in."

"Then that was not one of your punts that we saw as we went down the river?"

"Whereabouts, sir?"

"Oh, half a mile or so down, with two gentlemen in it."

"No, it weren't none of mine, and I didn't see any go down neither. It must have come up from Penleigh. I wish as they'd keep their side of the lock and not come fishing up here; it aint fair."

"I don't think," said Lorrimer, "that they could have come from Penleigh. We went down there ourselves, and we didn't see them coming back."

"You must have missed them by the island or in some of them backwaters, sir."

Our punting was put off from day to day, now from one reason, now from another. We had good weather for the first fortnight, and got quite accustomed to our new mode of life, and liked it amazingly. But then the weather changed, and two or three thoroughly wet days were a great trial to our feelings. We had to jog over from the station in a mouldy fly, at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, and spend the evening boxed up in our little den, with the rain dashing on the window, and nothing to beguile the time but each other's intellectual conversation, the already exhausted evening paper, and the landlord's small but select library. I remember one night looking up from Bunyan's Holy War, and seeing

Lorrimer deep in the study of a volume of the Tract Magazine. He was reading a story called "Susan's First Place," or "Tender Words to Young Lambs," or something of that kind; but he caught me looking at him, and laughed fit to kill himself. One evening we invited our landlord, Hardy, in *pour passer le temps*. He indulged us with all the choicest gossip of the neighbourhood, with a good deal of highly-spiced scandal. Lorrimer got so bored that I thought he would have yawned his head off, but there was no stopping our host when he had once begun, and I puffed away philosophically, and said "Ah," or "Quite so," when something seemed expected of me. He told us all the love affairs of the Randau Girls, and of young Pugghery being sent down from Oxford for some idiotic freak. He had pretty nearly run down when Lorrimer, who, the minute before, had woke up with a snort from a very sound nap, set him off with fresh energy by asking who a deserted-looking house belonged to that we had noticed about a mile down the river.

"That with the green verandah, on the right hand side going down? Oh, that's Mrs. Egmont's, the mother of the poor young gent as was murdered so shocking three years ago this month. She can't abear the place now, and hardly ever comes there; and no wonder neither, poor lady."

"Murdered, eh?" said Lorrimer.

"Yes; sure now you gents 'll have heard tell of it; it made a deal of talk at the time, and the *Medington Mercury* had ever so many columns full of nothing else."

"Egmont? Ah, I think I remember something of it; but I thought it was a suicide."

"Ay, ay! they brought it in so—temporary insanity—and he *were* a bit soft in the head, poor young chap, but as kind-hearted a gent as ever were. But I say it was murder, and God have mercy on the black-hearted man as did it, tho' he be a

gent and as rich as a lord, for he carries about with him that as don't make his pillow soft nor his sleep sweet."

Mine host was quite excited, and emphasized his words by thumps on the table that made the glasses jingle.

"I forget the facts," said I; "how was it?"

"Well, you see, sir, Captain Moss was lodging down at Penleigh, but he was always up here with young Mr. Egmont, so I see a good deal of him; and if ever a man had the devil's own temper written on his face, the captain had. He was one of them dark faces as turn white with all their dark skins if anything crosses 'em, and his lips would turn blue and show his teeth. He were a quiet sort of gent, and never swore as some of them milingitary captains do, but I'd rather have had a round of oaths any day than one of them looks as he gave, if the boat cushions wasn't quite as he fancied, or I'd forgot the boat-hook. And then he'd two veins on his forehead as come up like whipcord when he was riled, and it have crossed my mind, gents, as that might be something like the mark as was set on Cain's forehead—begging your pardon, sirs."

"Well, drive on," said Lorrimer.

"Captain Moss and Mr. Egmont were always together, and were great friends, leastways so people thought. I never could quite make out the captain's object in being so mighty thick with young Mr. Egmont. Some folks say as he won a good deal from him at billiards, for the captain was as poor as a rat then (he's come into a fine property since, I've heard tell), but I can't say anything about that of my own knowledge."

"Some summers Mr. Egmont would have down a boat from Oxford, and some years have one of mine. He never had one of his own, as he liked to change about and have different sorts, but he was almost always on the river rowing or fishing. He had a punt of his own; you'll see it now, I fancy, fastened up near their house, and

rotting away by now, I should guess. Well, as I was saying, he and Captain Moss were first-rate friends, and so folks thought they was to the end, but I know better. I see for a day or two there was something wrong; there was a nasty look about the captain, and I more than once heard high words between them as they passed thro' the yard or crossed at the ferry. I couldn't make out what it was, and didn't care to neither; but there seemed to be summat as the captain wanted the other to do, which he wouldn't, and I see the captain give him an ugly look as put me in mind of a day when I see him do as cruel and nasty a trick as ever were. I'll tell it you, gents, to show you what sort of customer he was. He had a dog given him, a retriever pup, not near full grown—one of them awkward, playful beasts as is always bouncing about and getting into mischief. He took a terrible fancy to the captain, did Shag, and was as faithful and loving to him as a Christian, ay, and more too, in spite of all the cuffs and kicks he got, poor brute. Well, one day Shag had followed them down to the landing-place, and he'd set his heart on going in the boat with them, and the captain wouldn't have it. The poor beast was quite wild like, and kept jumping up and bouncing about, splashing the captain's dandy velvet coat. He ordered him off more than once, and struck him, and at last the dog went away; but before the boat was well off, back he came preparing to jump in and swim after them. Then the captain turned, and I heard him give a whistle, and I thought as he'd come round and would take the dog, till I saw the look of his face, and then I'd have kept back the dog if I could, but it leapt forward at the whistle, and made after the boat like a fish. The captain waited till it was close to the boat, and then he up with his oar and struck the poor brute a great blow on the head, which put an end to poor Shag's mischief and bouncing play, ay, and his life too, all in a moment. Well,

how I do keep a-wandering off. 'Twas just such another look as he gave that dog, that I see him give Mr. Egmont one morning, and it struck me so that I stood and watched them as they walked up the road together. 'We shan't want the boat again to-day,' Mr. Egmont said, 'so good-day to you, Hardy,' says he, for he was always a civil spoken young gent, he were, and then they walked off together, and I heard the captain say something in a low voice, and Mr. Egmont answered sharp and quick like—'I tell you I'd rather die first, Moss, so there's an end of it.'

"Them were the last words as I ever heard him speak, and it was an end of it, whatever it was; and he did die first, for the next morning, as soon as it was light, there was a row in the road, and I heard as how young Mr. Egmont had been found with his throat cut, in his own punt, and the constables had gone off with a warrant to Penleigh to take Captain Moss for his murder. I hear tell as there was a great scene when they took him—that he seemed quite overcome like with sorrow and surprise, and that sort of thing. He acted his part well, he did; but to my thinking, first thoughts is often best. He was discharged at the inquest; not the slightest evidence against him—without a stain on his character; them was the words; and then they talked of the poor young gent's being rather gone in the head, of his father's having died mad, of his being gloomy and out of sorts, and of his having spoken of making away with himself. The knife it was done with was in his hand too; 'twas the knife as they always took with their fishing-tackle. 'Twas more of a cut than a stab as killed him, right through what they calls the jugular vein. Well, sirs, they brought it in 'temporary insanity,' and his mother's heart was pretty nigh broken, and she went away after they had laid him in the churchyard yonder, for he was her only one. They made a deal of the Captain after this; they thought as he'd

been so hardly used in being even suspected of the murder ; but tho' I'm a poor man, and he a gent and a rich one too, I'd rather cut off my hand than take his—and that's a fact."

There was a good deal of dramatic force in the man's way of telling the story, and I found my pipe had gone out, and that Lorrimer was very wide awake and had not yawned for at least ten minutes. It seemed strange to think of so sad a tragedy in that jolly little village, and we wondered we had never guessed at a secret lurking round that pretty, deserted house by the river-side. However, next day the weather changed, and it was a lovely evening when we came down from London, and we made up our minds for a good long row down the river, taking it easy as we should have moonlight coming back.

"By Jove," Lorrimer said soon after we had started, "there are those fellows in the punt again. Pull a little nearer and let's have a look at them."

We did not go too close for fear of interfering with their fishing, but we took a good look at them. Neither of them did we remember having seen before about Bargrave. One of them was in boating togs—white flannels and a straw hat, with some boating club ribbon round it. He seemed very intent on his fishing, and leant forward watching his float. The other was dark, with a moustache ; he did not seem so intent as his companion, for he had laid down his rod against the edge of the punt, and was leaning back in his chair with both hands in the pockets of his velvet coat. They both of them treated us with the most sublime indifference, and did not even look up at us as we went by.

"Queer lot, that," said Lorrimer. "I should uncommonly like to find out who they are."

A turn of the river took us out of sight of them and brought us opposite the deserted house. There, at the steps leading down

to the river, was the punt which Hardy had spoken of. It was fastened to a post by a chain ; both chain and padlock were thick with rust ; the punt was half full of water, and the timbers were rotting and splitting in all directions. As we were looking at it, a four from Stunning passed down the river. We knew the man rowing stroke a little, and Lorrimer, full of curiosity about the two fishers, shouted out, "Hullo there, Jones, did you see two men fishing out of a punt, just now?"

"No," was the answer.

"The other side of this bend, left hand side going down. You must have seen them."

"No, we didn't. Why do you want to know?"

"I want to know who they are. They were close by that great willow split down the middle."

"Then they weren't there," sang out the coxswain, "for it was just there such a jolly big rat came out that we stopped to look at it."

"Didn't you meet them then going up the river?"

"No," shouted out another man, "for I was on the look-out for a boat going up, as I wanted to send back a message to the lock about the coat I left there."

And then the four moved on.

"By Jove, said Lorrimer, "this is the very queerest thing."

"Look here," said I, "let's go back and find out where they leave their punt. They may draw it up among the bushes somewhere, so that we don't notice it."

So back we went. True enough, the punt was gone. The moon was just coming up and the river looked beautiful, though rather strange and weird, and the blades of our oars shone like silver when they rose out of the water, as we slowly went up by one bank, down by the other, and up a backwater, looking carefully among the bushes and deep shadows ; but the object



of our search was nowhere to be found. It was all so still that we both spoke low as if we were afraid to break the silence. Far off we could hear some farm-house dog barking, and the sound of the trotting of a horse on the Penleigh road, going on for miles, I should think. I remember this evening distinctly in all its details, for I have never been on the river in the moonlight since.

The next day Lorrimer was seedy. Whether he caught cold on the river I don't know, but he was altogether out of sorts, and he did not go up to town, but did a good deal of bed, I fancy, at Bargrave. So I went up alone, and was kept late at the office, and did not get down to Bargrave till late. I found Lorrimer better, and a jolly little supper ready for me.

"Well," I said, laughing, "have you seen any more of our mysterious friends in the punt?"

"Yes, that I have," said Lorrimer, "and it gets queerer and queerer. I sculled down to the lock to stretch my muscles a bit, and did not see anything of them going down; but as I came back, there was the punt, only there was only one of the men there, the one in the flannels, and he was lying at the end of the punt, taking as comfortable a nap as anything. Now, look here, Jack, another day shall not pass without our finding out who they are and all about them."

"You're as bad as a girl, Lorrimer, with your curiosity."

"Come now, don't you want to know, Jack?"

"Well, I shouldn't object."

So we settled our plan of action for the next day, and made up our minds at any cost to solve the mystery.

Lorrimer was not at all up to the mark again next day, but he went up to town as usual. He was heavy and listless sometimes, sometimes excited and restless, and the idea of the mysterious punt seemed quite to have taken possession of his mind, for he could talk and think of nothing else. We drank

success to our plans at dinner, and started in good spirits. Our plan was to pass them first, and then come back and speak to them on some excuse.

It was a beautiful evening when we started; the sun was setting and the sky was crimson all over, all but a bank of dark clouds in the east, which only caught some of the gold on its edges. The water was as smooth as glass, and did not seem to stir except where a fish jumped after a fly and made circle beyond circle on the still river. There was not a breath of wind. I sculled the boat and Lorrimer steered. It seemed quite absurd the excitement that we both felt.

"This is the effect of vegetating," I said, as we came in sight of the punt; "it certainly is not elevating to the mind. Why shouldn't two fellows fish in the evening without our going into a fever to find out who they are and where they come from?"

As we passed down the river, I pulled across, so that we passed so close that I had to ship my oar to avoid striking against the punt. Lorrimer coughed supernaturally loud, but not a look or movement did the two mysterious fishers vouchsafe us. There they were, just the same as I had seen them last, and apparently in the very same positions,—the one absorbed in his fishing, the other leaning back with his hands in his pockets. The sunset was flaming behind them in all its splendour, making the hills in the distance of a deep intense blue, and the split willow black, while the water reflected back the crimson sky and every branch of the battered old tree; but—I rubbed my eyes and looked again—what queer things reflections are, to be sure—while every leaf and twig of the tree and a swallow flying across, was reflected clearly, of neither punt or men, rods or floats, was any reflection to be seen in the ruddy water. I fancy Lorrimer also noticed this strange effect, for he bent forward looking steadily at the sharp, hard line where the punt cut the water, and then glanced up at me. That glance set me going

again and I pulled on down the river, saying with a laugh, "Well, we haven't made much by that move. An ugly customer that dark man looks, and yet I seem to know his face somehow." And I thought to myself, in that confused, misty way we explain things sometimes against our own reason, "Oh, of course one would not see any reflections—depends on the angle and that sort of thing."

I rowed down past the turn of the river that took us out of sight. We stopped about at the other side of the bend some time. There was something wrong with one of the rowlocks, and I stopped to set it right. Lorrimer meanwhile had changed from gloomy silence to excitement, and talked and laughed away like anything. "I tell you what," he said, when we turned to go back, "I want a smoke, and I'll ask those fellows to give me a light. That will make a first-rate excuse for speaking to them." "Well!" he exclaimed, "I never did! As our little slavey would say, if that fellow is not taking a nap again, and the dark one is gone. Queer habit to have forty winks on the river."

The sun had set, and the purple and orange were fading out of the sky; the moon had not come up yet, and there was a thick mist rising from the river, hanging in wreaths and strange straight lines, and magnifying objects and increasing or lessening distances in an unaccountable way. It made the old split willow look gigantic; one great bare branch, scathed by some storm, looked like a huge arm stretched up to Heaven, as if invoking its power, while another twisted branch was pointing down to the boat where the man lay asleep. I rowed up to within easy speaking distance of the boat, and Lorrimer half rose and put one knee on the seat, holding with one hand to the iron rail behind him and with the other raising his hat.

"Excuse my disturbing you, sir," he said, "but if you have such a thing as a fusee with you, I should be much obliged for one.

Sound as a trout, by Jove!" he added, as no answer followed his polite remark. The man was lying at the end of the punt, with his back turned to us, but one arm was thrown back and the hand hung over the edge of the punt. There was a handsome signet ring on the third finger.

"I never would go out fishing," said Lorrimer, "without a man to unhitch the fish. Look what a mess that fellow's hand is in with the fishes' blood,"—and so it was.

The tackle lay about in the boat; one line was dragging in the water, a fish-can stood on one of the chairs, and on the back of the other hung a thick pea-jacket with a handkerchief hanging out of the pocket.

"It's awfully bad for a chap to be sleeping out in this mist," Lorrimer went on, "but if he chooses such a shocking, unhealthy berth, we'll give him a good rocking, for wake him up I will. Now then, Jack, give a good hard pull that will send us right into the punt and give our sleeping beauty a good shaking, and I'll be ready to apologize for our bad steering and my friend's accidental awkwardness." He raised himself higher on his knee and took a firmer hold of the rail, so as to get a good look into the punt. I gave one long pull and then shipped my sculls quickly, then bent forward waiting for the slight collision, and looking up into Lorrimer's laughing face, and listening for the elaborate apology which his lips were already forming.

Sometimes when I wake in the night now, I fancy I am waiting and listening still, for that collision never came, those laughing words of apology were never spoken.—What did he see? I do not know; I never shall know. All I saw was Lorrimer's face, from which the smile and the brightness and the curiosity and the colour seemed to drop away before my very eyes, leaving a white, drawn face, with livid lips and staring, straining eyes—expressive only of sickening, ghastly horror. What did he see? Something that made a gurgling cry burst from

his dry lips, and that sent him falling senseless forward on to my knees, making the boat rock and reel with his fall, as it grounded on the soft mud among the weeds under the split willow; for the collision never came. The punt was gone, and where but a minute before the punt and the man's form and all the fishing tackle had stood, was only the water troubled by our passing, but still reflecting dimly the last red streaks of the sunset, and the mist creeping up over land and water.

How I got back to the inn I hardly know, but I remember helping to carry Lorrimer's insensible form up stairs and sending off for the doctor, who pronounced him to be labouring under an attack of brain fever. For three weeks he lay dangerously ill at that little inn at Bargrave. His mother came up from Devonshire to nurse him, and, as soon as he could be moved, took him home with her. As he gradually grew better, I was almost relieved to find that our strange adventure seemed to be clean wiped away from his memory, and when, by chance, I have referred to that time at Bargrave, he

only recalls our pleasant rowing excursions and the severe chill he took there.

I have never spoken of that evening to any one except the old doctor, and I told it to him one evening as we sat together waiting for Lorrimer to wake from a sleep that proved the turning-point of his illness. He heard me patiently to the end and then said, "I'll not say stuff and nonsense, or talk of young men's heated imaginations, or after-dinner adventures, or curious effects of mist, for I believe that there *are* more things in heaven and earth than we dream of in our philosophy; but I advise you to keep it to yourself—for if people believe you, it won't do them any good, and if they don't, they'll only laugh at you. And, above all, never speak of it to your friend up stairs. It is a curious story—more curious, perhaps, than you think, for it was that very evening three years ago that young Egmont lost his life. But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, as he mixed himself a steaming glass of grog, "though I don't disbelieve in your ghost on the river, this is the sort of SPIRITS AND WATER I prefer."

## DISSEMBLING.

ARE we happy? Yes, you think so,  
Seeing scanty signs of sadness.  
How you judge us! Would you have us  
Advertise our lack of gladness?

Do the weary always, think you,  
Speak in tones that lag and languish?  
Is it then the loudest weepers  
Who have known the real anguish?

Learn, O friend, that not in this wise  
We, poor women, bear our crosses;  
Never in our faces read you  
Our most desolating losses.

We can hide a hope and crush it,  
Smile, almost, to see it die;  
Feel that life is dust and ashes,  
And then—look up laughingly.

ALICE HORTON.

## UNORTHODOX LONDON.\*

## A CHAPTER ON RELIGIOUS SECTS.

THE work bearing this title may be considered a contribution to the sensation literature of Theology. It is at the same time a really curious picture of the process of disintegration now going on in the religious world—a disintegration which we trust has its limits, and is destined, when all that is really unessential shall have been thrown off, and all things shall have been proved, to give place to union in holding fast that which is for ever good.

Rev. Dr. Davies, a clergyman of the Church of England and formerly Fellow of the Anglican University of Durham, makes a theological tour in the metropolis, and presents us with its fruits. He is evidently a liberal-minded and discerning man. His route seems to have been determined on principles rather geographical than ecclesiastical, for he begins with the very bottom of the theological scale—the part at least most remote from Orthodoxy. His first visit is to the chapel of the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, in South Place, Finsbury, whom he finds preaching in praise of Voltaire and of the distinctive powers, the sivals, so to speak, of theology in general. Afterwards he hears Mr. Conway on Mazzini, whom the preacher described as the most religious man he ever knew; an exaggeration unquestionably, but less wide of the truth than would be commonly supposed, for Mazzini was an intense believer in God, and abhorred the Atheism as well as the Terrorism of the French Revolution. Mr. Conway is described as a bearded and by no means clerical-looking gentleman, who

mounts the rostrum in the garb of every-day life, and commences by giving out a hymn from Fox's Collection, which is well sung by a good choir. Religious belief and worship, in the ordinary sense, seem here near the vanishing point.

Next in the theological diorama comes another American, Col. Wentworth Higginson, the Boston advocate of Negrophilism, Female Suffrage, Co-education, and Radicalism of all kinds. The service here commenced by reading the Beatitudes of St. Matthew, followed by an extract on "Excellences," from the writings of Buddha. The sermon, or oration, was an exposition of the teaching of Buddha, which was stated to be summed up in the apophthegm: "If a man does me wrong and I respond with love, the fragrance redounds to me; the harm returns to him."

From Voltairism and Buddhism we ascend the scale of Orthodoxy to Unitarianism, represented by Mr. Martineau in Little Portland Street. Mr. Martineau is (or rather was, for he has since retired on account of failing health) quite a Ritualist, calling himself reverend, preaching in gown and bands, and using a set form of prayer. The preaching is for the educated, and it aims at a rather singular ideal. "In virtue," says Mr. Martineau, "of the close affinity, perhaps ultimate identity, between religion and poetry, preaching is essentially a lyric expression of the soul—an utterance of meditation in sorrow, hope, love and joy, from a representative of the human heart in its divine relations. In proportion as we quit this view, and prominently introduce the idea of a preceptive and monitory function, we retreat from the true prophetic interpretation of the office, back into

\* *Unorthodox London; or Phases of Religious Life in the Metropolis.* By the Rev. Maurice Davies, D. D., formerly Fellow of the University of Durham, London: Tinsley Brothers.

the old sacerdotal, or—what is not, perhaps, so different a distinction as it may appear—from the properly religious to the simply moral." There are two parties among the Unitarians, the more Conservative and the more Liberal, the latter party—to which Mr. Martineau belongs—wishing even to give up Unitarian and substitute Free Christian. Though a church of the educated, Unitarianism, we are told, is feeling the impulse of the revival spirit, and pushing its way both in religious and educational forms among the poor.

The Rev. Mr. Voysey whose appearance in "Sunday Evenings for the People," at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, is the subject of the next chapter, is well known as the Church of England clergyman who, when many had tried in vain, at last succeeded in being guilty of a punishable heresy, and was accordingly deprived of his benefice. He may be taken as representing that Rationalizing element in the Established Church which seems to be held to the High Church and Evangelical elements only by the ligaments of the legal system and the endowments. At the close of his discourse on "A New Religious Epoch," he declared his intention of remaining for the present unattached to any church or sect, hoping that this would be no bar to an interchange of pulpits. He intended, however, to establish a weekly service, with the aid of music, and "without superstition or idolatry." He hoped his own expulsion would speedily lead to that of the Thirty-nine Articles. His audience listened attentively for over two hours, and interrupted by frequent bursts of applause.

A Sunday lecture by Professor Huxley well represents the Church of Science. Though highly heterodox, Professor Huxley is, in his cast of mind, essentially religious, and would be an exemplary adherent of any creed of the truth of which he was sincerely convinced. He always shows, to moral principles and to any cause in which they are involved, a chivalrous attachment which in fact implies

a strong belief in "something which is not ourselves, and which makes for righteousness." In this respect he presents a strong contrast to his rival in scientific eminence, Professor Tyndall, who is a thorough materialist. Professor Huxley's discourse was ethnological, but with a humanitarian view, its object being to obliterate the distinction of race between Celt and Saxon. Unfortunately, ethnological unification will not, politically and industrially, identify the Teaque of the nineteenth century with his contemporary John Bull. The Sunday lectures are professedly non-theological. They are for people who have given up hearing sermons, and will hardly be got to listen to them again, till preaching becomes different from what it is.

"Tabernacles" are organs of religious enthusiasm doctrinally orthodox, but avoiding the trammels of Establishments. Mr. Varley, formerly a butcher, has built the Free Tabernacle in St. James's Square, Notting Hill, with accommodation for 1,200 worshippers. The account given of him is favourable: he seems to preach to the people's hearts, without "preaching down" to the level of the uneducated—the greatest triumph of a preacher. But of all Tabernacles, the most renowned is that of Mr. Spurgeon, which is not only a colossal preaching-house, but a general religious establishment, with schools, a college for pastors, an orphanage and an alms-house. All seem to be thoroughly well managed and liberally maintained by a bounty which Mr. Spurgeon ascribes to the power of prayer. On more than one occasion, £2,000 have been dropped into his letter-box; and on one evening, when he was desponding from illness, a lady left £500, and £1,000 came in soon afterwards. So religious motives are still at work. There are 4,200 church members, and the discipline is very strict. So it seems is the surveillance; for Mr. Spurgeon averred that if a member of his church got tipsy he should hear of it before the week was



out. He gently pleads guilty to the impeachment of being Pope and King. Dr. Davies describes him as in private life the most modest, unassuming and genial of men. He, however, pointed to his bookshelves, loaded with translations of his own sermons into many tongues.

A good description of a service at the Tabernacle may not be unwelcome. We abridge from Dr. Davies. The building holds 3,000, double the accommodation of Exeter Hall. It is filled in every nook and corner. Service begins at a quarter to eleven, long before which hour an eager crowd assembles outside. Five minutes before service time the doors are thrown open and no seats reserved, which ensures regularity among seat-holders. The congregation, unlike that in a French church, is equally divided among males and females. It is exclusively middle-class. There is no sympathy of the very poor or of the very rich; and except a few old ladies round the bema, there appeared no possible source for the thousands of pounds. The service consists of a prayer of about five minutes—a hymn sung in unison by the whole congregation—reading and exposition of Scripture—then a longer prayer—then another hymn. The visitor was much struck by the effect of the simple tunes sung by so vast a body of voices. Then followed the sermon, on the text (Coloss. i. 29), "Whereunto I also labour, striving according to His working, which worketh in me mightily." It was a sound, practical discourse, of upwards of an hour in length, delivered without note of any kind, with all the preacher's old earnestness, but without a single trace of his former eccentricity. There was not a single "Spurgeonism" from beginning to end, or at least the only approach thereto was an assurance that we "couldn't go to heaven on a feather-bed." Though Mr. Spurgeon professes to be no scholar, he made constant and copious references to such authorities as Augustine, Chrysostom and Gregory of Nazianzen. He

retains his fertility of illustration. The position that the work of the Holy Spirit in a man does not destroy individual action or reduce the man to a mere machine was thus illustrated:—"In the Square of St. Mark, at Venice, there is a clock, and two bronze figures of men strike the hour on a bell. Nobody dreams of thanking the bronze men for doing so. One day an inquisitive stranger put his head between the hammer and the bell, and the bronze men knocked his brains out; but nobody suggested that the bronze men should be hanged. We don't want bronze men and women for Christian work."

The service and sermon together lasted over two hours, and all was done by one man. Yet when it was over Mr. Spurgeon was as fresh and full-voiced as ever. He tossed Dr. Davies half a sheet of note paper, asking him if he would like to have his sermon. On the paper was a clearly written and logically divided skeleton of the discourse.

The Tabernacle service struck Dr. Davies as like the old institution of prophecy in contradistinction to the priesthood of the Jewish Church, an institution which, as he remarks, we used to look upon as simply irregular and enthusiastic, but which we now know to have been formulated in schools, and almost as elaborately disciplined as the regular priesthood itself.

The scene now shifts to "Tabernacle Ranters." This is a great meeting, ostensibly a missionary meeting, of Primitive Methodists. The rant which Dr. Davies heard that evening from the preachers, he describes as rant of a high order, and approaching in one instance very near to such natural eloquence as only required cultivation to make it acceptable in any assembly. The accompaniments, however, seem to have been somewhat orgiastic. There was an old lady just behind Dr. Davies who fired off her hallelujahs like pistol shots; and these interjections constantly went round the vast assembly like an irregular discharge of musketry, often bursting into a regular volley

when something very telling was said, as for instance about "Church parsons," or the futility of receiving orders "through the soft fat palm of a bishop." Dr. Davies tells a story in relation to those exclamatory habits. A lady sat at a Primitive Methodist Chapel close by a poor man who was remarkably ill shod, and whose exclamations were in inverse proportion to his shoe-leather. He kept crying out "Glory be to God!" until he quite annoyed her; and on leaving chapel she told him so, promising him a new pair of boots if he would restrain himself. He did so for a time, but at last something very exciting was said, and he started up, shouting, "*Boots or no boots*, Glory be to God!" We are not surprised to hear that Tabernacle ranting is not favourable to the conventional use of the letter H. One speaker, referring to the comparative value of converts in a rather singular strain, pronounced that there was little use in a sleepy "Hasia-hatic," but there was "henergy in the Henglish" which made them worth converting. When, however, the collection came on—when the huge Tabernacle was filled and the lights turned on to the full, the sight, says Dr. Davies, was most impressive, and the collection hymn, sung in unison by that vast body of voice, was quite overpowering. "Once every six hours," said one of the speakers, "the pearly gates of Heaven are thrown back for a Primitive Methodist to pass behind them." Dr. Davies came away through the crowd of vans and carts outside, feeling that he had seen strange things that night, and that there was a good deal of method in the madness of the Tabernacle Ranters.

"A Pastor's Farewell" is rather incongruously placed between "Tabernacle Ranters" and "Walworth Jumpers." It is simply an account of the farewell sermon of Dr. Brock, an eminent Baptist; and is interesting merely as proving how strong the religious principle still is, and how successfully it may be appealed to for good works of all kinds.

The "Walworth Jumpers" are introduced as the latest and strangest of Dr. Davies' experiences. He found them meeting under a railway arch in Walworth Road, a veritable nineteenth-century church in the catacombs, to listen to the preaching of an inspired woman from Suffolk. The building was nothing more than an arch of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, roughly boarded in, and lighted with sundry old window sashes, of which the broken panes recalled the missiles of the Walworth Gentiles. A few movable benches and a great many rough planks extemporized into seats held the place of pews, and the only arrangement approaching the idea of a pulpit was a carpenter's table at the further end of the edifice, covered with green baize, and furnished with two coffee-cups and a collecting box. A single gas pipe with two burners, shed a dim, if not religious, light. The archway was filled with a congregation of fustian-clad men, women in the proportion of two to one man, and a more than adequate force of babies. Some New Cut swells had found their way in for a lark, and broke in with irreverent interruptions, but got as good as they brought from the minister. As they met, the brothers and sisters, or the sisters one among the other, saluted with a kiss of peace—no half-and-half stage salute, but a good whacking kiss, that echoed all over the archway and amused the New Cut swells considerably, for they proceeded at once to imitate the sound and to remark audibly, "Ain't it nice?" The minister was a tall, thin peasant woman, of middle age, with high cheek-bones, piercing eyes, and the muscles of the jaw strongly developed, dressed in a red merino gown and rather jaunty black bonnet. With her were a good-looking girl of twenty and an inane-visaged man. The service was begun by the girl, who lifted one hand and prayed with rough but genuine eloquence for ten minutes, reminding Dr. Davies of Dinah, in "Adam Bede." The inane-visaged man followed

in keeping with his visage. Then came the minister herself with a prayer "taller," and on that account less eloquent than the girl's, and with much gesticulation. Then a revival hymn, and then the sermon. The belief of these enthusiasts is, that having died at conversion they are exempt from bodily death—a delusion which it would seem must be proof against patent facts, since the sect having been in existence seven years, and numbering two hundred, must have paid many a tribute to mortality. Dr. Davies was delighted, therefore, to find the preacher selecting as her theme the Resurrection of Lazarus. The sermon, however, was long, allegorical and unexciting, though fluent and at times eloquent. Some old ladies fell into an apparently comatose condition, accompanied by a twitching of the limbs and an expression like that of the mesmerized, exciting the hopes of the New Cut swells and of Dr. Davies. But, to their disappointment, the meeting was dismissed without any jumping having taken place. The inquirer, however, did not go wholly unrewarded. Two little girls got up and began to dance as if they were dancing to a grinding organ. They were followed by a youth of eighteen or nineteen, who hopped very much like Mr. Stead in the "Perfect Cure." But all three, says Dr. Davies, wore that strange vacant countenance so suggestive of animal magnetism, and so difficult, especially for children, to assume. Dr. Davies feels convinced that whatever is the origin of the mesmeric condition, the same is the origin of jumping. He was informed that the jumping never begins till after the "death" of conversion. Afterwards a female, who had been sitting and grimacing idiotically, jumped up and joined the dance. Her demeanour was not happy; she prayed as in an unknown tongue, and cried out, "The devil! the devil." Another of the sect admitted that there was something wrong in the case, and said that this would happen sometimes even to the immortals.

It seems the sect have more secret meetings, where there is a greater amount of jumping. Walworth is in arms against them, and the presence of New Cut swells disturbs the conditions. *Convulsionizers*, as Dr. Davies remarks, have been common in many ages, and under widely different religious systems.

The next chapter is "Jumpers Off the Jump." It reveals Jumperism subdued by the force of Walworth opinion or some other sedative, and sitting "clothed, if not quite in its right mind," in College Place, Chelsea. Here it has sunk into something very commonplace; and when Dr. Davies, having twice paid threepence for admission to the performances, was accosted by the sweep who lived next door with "Cotch me a-payin' threepence to see their goings-on," he was inclined to think the remark well founded. Some hobbledehoy saints in the orchestra seemed at one time to promise—one in particular, an unctuous-looking youth of sixteen, not only sang the hymns vociferously with his saintly eyes shut, but kept up a running fire of comment—"So it is," "Hallelujah," and so on—at the more exciting portions of the prayer. Eventually, however, he gave up any proclivities towards Terpsichore, and devoted himself to strong flirtation with the "sister" next him whose red fat hand he held in his own during the subsequent discourse. In vain did the prayer become more exciting; not a saintly toe moved. The kissing, however, which is supposed to have provoked the ire of the chaste Walworthians, was more open and undisguised, every salute ringing through the building with a smart crack. Dr. Davies, on the whole, was not inclined to waste more time or threepences on an exhibition so unedifying as Jumperism without Jumping.

The "Bible Christians" seceded from the Wesleyans, not on a point of doctrine, but on a point of discipline. One O'Bryan, who aspired to be an Evangelist, was held ineligible on account of being a family man.

The Bible Christians, therefore, are a standing protest against the celibacy of Evangelists. Their service at Jubilee Chapel, East Road, appears to have been nothing but a quiet Methodist service, with an unexciting sermon. Female ministry, however, is an institution among them. A woman was set down in their clergy list, and the Mrs. O'Bryan who was the original cause of strife was herself a preacher. The sect numbers twenty-five thousand. Dr. Davies has no particular remark to make, beyond expressing his regret at the loss of power consequent on needless separatism and isolation.

"The Surrey Tabernacle" is an imitation in miniature of the Tabernacle of Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. James Wells, who Spurgeonizes there, is a strict Baptist, and his congregation is necessarily limited by the inflexibility of his tenets; but he seems to be a good preacher and a real centre of religious life, in his special way, among the poor. Dr. Davies has good reason for saying that Mr. Spurgeon's example has proved fruitful; to his success are distinctly traceable, among other things, the Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's services, and the general revival of preaching in the Church of England.

The "Particular Baptists," meet in a chapel in Johnson Street, which is described as a dingy, ill-favoured slum, turning south out of High Street, Notting Hill. In that chapel, Calvinism of the strictest kind holds its grim reign. The style of the preacher appears to be vigorous, or, at least, vehement and colloquial. "I remember well," he said, narrating his personal experience, "when God came and raised me up. The whirlwind had come and knocked me down. Elijah was taken, but should no one follow him with healing power? Gospel ordinances may be all very well, so may well-tuned harmonies; but all are of no avail without *salt*. If a man can change his religion once, he can do it any number of times; but God's people are *glued* to Him." The organ of the

sect, edited and vended by the preacher, is *The Earthen Vessel*. Nearly the whole of the number which Dr. Davies consulted was occupied with prose and poetical notices of Mr. Forman. But the correspondents are allowed to speak of "stirling" faith, and to say that "Mr. R. L. still *lays* in affliction." "Such and such a congregation has *come out* on the principles of free grace and strict communion!" The writer of a letter subscribes himself "Yours in *covenant* love," and Brother Flory, at Cheltenham, holds a short afternoon service "which *are* often useful to those who cannot get out morning or evening." For our part, we would wink hard at the grammar and condone the diction if the teaching were useful; but it seems to be little worth.

The "United Presbyterians" would probably be scandalized at finding themselves between the same covers with some of the sects which precede and follow them in this volume. The Presbyterian Tercentenary turned the thoughts of Dr. Davies in that direction; and he accidentally found himself, not in the church of Dr. Donald Fraser, whom he had selected as his type of English Presbyterianism, but in a church belonging to the United Presbyterians, so called because, though disunited from the parent stem, they have united a number of disunions. The service was an agreeable disappointment. There was a good choir, an organ, and a hymn from a metrical collection. The claims of the old rugged Presbyterian psalter were saved by binding it up with the hymns. There was an unexpected brightness and cheeriness about the worship, with which the sermon was in harmony, being rather florid in its style. Dr. Davies is probably right in saying that Presbyterianism is a special object of historical interest as the parent of British non-conformity, though we cannot endorse the extreme statement quoted from a ritualistic writer, that "Presbyterianism is the womb out of which has issued, from time to time, that innumerable progeny of modern unbe-

lief, scepticism, heresy, schism and separation which has injured, and threatens to destroy, the Church of Christ."

"The Catholic and Apostolic Church," commonly called Irvingism, is characterized by Dr. Davies as the strangest of all the religious phenomena of the present generation, in its developments if not in its original idea. Irving was originally expelled from a Presbyterian church on account of a heresy respecting the nature of Christ, which is not now included among the doctrines of the Irvingites. The distinguishing marks of the body at present are: (1), The revival of the Apostolate, dormant since the death of St. John, with the restoration of the fourfold ministry as a necessity of church organization; and (2), the recognition of prophecy as a present mode of communicating the directions of God's Spirit to man. A recent development, flowing from the latter principle, is the adoption of vessels for holy water at the entrance, just as in a Catholic Church. The Apostolate, at first restored to the number of twelve, has dwindled to three, and the Church is not numerous, being outnumbered even by the Mormons. It appears that the members look upon themselves as the "first-fruits" to be gathered in at the Second Advent, and are not a proselytizing body. Though the Church is a daughter of that of John Knox, it is Ritualistic in the extreme. The "Angel," or Head of the Church, is habited in a rich purple cope; incense is burnt; the Sacrament is "reserved" and "exposed," and there are prayers for the dead. The Eucharistic service, as complicated and ornate as a mass, lasts three hours. The sacrificial vestments, when Dr. Davies attended, were of white satin with gold adornments; the Angel, as celebrant, wearing the cope. There were people in black tippets and people in puce tippets, and people in short surplices with coloured stoles. There were others in a simple white dress girt on with a cord at he waist. Catholic splendour was there,

but Catholic antiquity was wanting. The musical performance was excellent, and there were virtually half-a-dozen anthems. Of preaching power there was no pretence; but, as among the Ritualists, an avoidance of rhetorical display. Dr. Davies drew the attendant into the delicate question as to the relation between the prophetic utterances on which the whole Irvingite fabric depends and Spiritualism. The attendant conceded that the "spirit voices" were from the other world, but contended that they were the work of evil spirits. How to discriminate between the evil and the good is then the question, which the attendant did not seem prepared to solve. "Probably," says Dr. Davies in conclusion, "as the latest outgrowth of the endlessly varying religious instinct in man, and still more as a wonderful and consummate systematizing of elements that seem at first sight to involve nothing but disorder, the scheme of which the church in Gordon Square stands as temple and type is well worth the attention of the religious philosopher in this nineteenth century."

It was, perhaps, this indefinite relation of Irvingite prophecy to Spiritualism that suggested to Dr. Davies, as the next subject of exploration, "The New Jerusalem Church," or the Church of Swedenborg. Saving the introduction of some Swedenborgian phraseology, the service of this Church reminded Dr. Davies very much of that of the Church of England. The music was very good; and this increase and improvement of the musical element in worship appears to be characteristic of almost all churches at the present day: even the Wesleyan Methodists now have anthems. The Swedenborgian creed is thus summarized by Dr. Davies: "Speaking broadly, we may say that the New Jerusalem creed superadds to slightly rationalistic views of the Trinity and Atonement a highly allegorizing method of Scriptural interpretation; and with regard to Swedenborg himself and his re-



velation, views almost identical with those of modern Spiritualism. Swedenborg had the power of inducing, in his own case, a state clearly the same as what we now call mesmerism or hypnotism. He himself says of it in the *Arcana Cælestia*, "The man is reduced into a certain state which is a sort of middle state between sleeping and waking . . . . In this state spirits and angels are seen, heard and touched." "The resurrection of the dead is immediate, there being no pause or suspension of existence; the fleshly body is cast aside once for all, and never reassumed—a spiritual body, now resident in the fleshly tabernacle, being the true self that survives." Sex remains, and marriages are consummated in heaven. In fact, the spirit world is but the region of realities, whereof all things here are the phenomena. And so we come back to Plato again; but Plato with a difference—that difference, however, scarcely so great as one might expect when, in a different age and nation, men's thoughts recur to the old cycle; seeming clearly to indicate some underlying law at work in such recurrence, and making good the assertion of the wise man, that "there is nothing new under the sun."

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Of the "Plymouth Brethren," it seems to be the fate to be misunderstood. Their very name is a misnomer; they originated, not in Plymouth, but near Dublin, and instead of their having emanated from any of the outlying bodies of nonconformity, many of their earlier apostles, and some of their present leaders, are ordained clergymen of the Church of England. Popularly

charged with transferring to the nineteenth century the Apostolic doctrine of the community of goods, they declare that they are not such poor political economists as to do anything of the kind. They simply hold in great esteem that primitive constitution of the Church, and trust largely to the power of prayer for the supply of their temporal necessities. Dr. Davies has found the endeavour to grasp the distinctive doctrines of the sect as difficult as the attempt to catch Proteus. In fact, he says, their *differentia* lies rather in an absence of positive dogma, and a broad division of mankind into the church and the world. Every denomination is wrong, because division is wrong, which amounts to saying, that on one side stands the church—that is, the (so-called) Plymouth Brethren—on the other the world. With this is combined an intense reverence for the written word. The Church dates from 1827, and numbers about 40,000; but as its members have no external badge, and rather shun publicity and proselytism, it is not easy to collect statistics.

The service was performed in a school-house, and consisted principally of the singing of a large number of hymns without instrumental accompaniment, and the reading of Scripture. There was no minister, and apparently no preconcerted arrangement of any kind. "The breaking of bread," the special object of the assembly, was celebrated in the most primitive manner. A loaf of home-made bread was placed in common plates on a table in the centre of the room, divided into quarters, and passed round the benches; each member helped himself or herself to a portion, literally breaking it off the quartern loaf. The wine was passed round in like manner, in large common tumblers, the administration of each element being preceded by prayer. Then followed what Dr. Davies calls a *sermonette*, also very homely, but displaying minute knowledge of Scripture, and intensely earnest. The service conclud-

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ed with two prayers offered by gentlemen of very different mental calibre. The names of "intending and accepted brethren" were then read, together with one who "sought restoration," and another who intended to take to himself a sister. Dr. Davies afterwards heard one of a series of lectures on the Books of Moses, displaying such critical and exegetical power as effectually to redeem the community from the imputation of being only one other set of enthusiasts seeking to revive the first century in the nineteenth.

Plymouth Brethrenism, pending the restoration and reunion of the universal church, has an *ad interim* Pope in the person of Mr. Darby, who, with his faithful adherents, twenty-three years since excommunicated Mr. Newton for an alleged heresy respecting the nature of Christ. Further differences with regard to prophecy and discipline emerging, Mr. Newton was expelled and anathematized, and Plymouth Brethrenism, like every other sect, now has a secession. Mr. Newton, among his other heresies, holds that of a "one-man ministry," in opposition to the thoroughly democratic theory of the Brethren. His views altogether seem to be tinctured by his former position as a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. The secession has a commodious iron church in the Queen's Road, Bayswater, where Mr. Newton lectures on Prophecy, which appears to be his favourite theme, and with regard to which he differs from the Brethren, expecting a train of events to precede the coming of Christ, which they regard as imminent. It appears that he incidentally gives his views on practical politics, and that he retains enough of Oxford to object strongly to constitutional government, and preaches the divine right of kings. Like the Brethren, he is for the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible. Whatever clashes with that, whether it be political, commercial, or of whatever kind, must go.

The opposite poles in matters ecclesiastical are Ritualism, to which the age seems generally gravitating, and Quietism, or the exclusive development of the spiritual element in worship, the type of which is presented by the Quakers. How perfect the presentation is, is known to all readers of Charles Lamb. Quakerism is now, however, to all appearances, breaking up; and the process of decomposition is visible, along with much of the original character, in the description of a Quakers' meeting given by Dr. Davies. Passing the porch of the meeting-house in St. Martin's Lane, he found himself in a little old-fashioned, painfully clean quadrangle, where two or three sober-looking gentlemen, with stand-up collars and broad-brimmed hats, were engaged in conversation; and on inquiring whether there was accommodation for strangers, was quietly but courteously handed to a seat. The building was very plain, very neat, and painted drab from ceiling to basement. Raised seats, for officials or ministers of some sort, were the first sign of the transition which met the visitor's eye. Dr. Davies was puzzled what to do with his hat, the Quakers sitting with theirs on, and still more puzzled by the sight of Quaker boys, whose existence he had never realized; he wondered how they would get through two hours of silence. When the congregation came in, the decadence of Quakerism was ominously betrayed by the demeanour and attire of the ladies. Silks rustled up the narrow aisle, but they were not of the pretty silver-grey hue that Quakeresses are supposed to wear; and the bonnets were as killing, and had as many flowers in them, as would be seen in a West-end Church. A few only were prim-shaped and sober-coloured. Upon the ungloved hand of a youthful Quaker matron shone more jewelled circlets than the wedding-ring and keeper. On the raised seats sat some six or seven people of both sexes, facing the congregation, whom Dr. Davies took to be officiating

ministers, the exact centre being occupied by a gentleman and lady in full Quaker attire. Generally the men were no more Quaker-like than the women, many having long beards, and some few quite a rakish-looking moustache. The only sign of the commencement of the service was the removal of hats. Then there was silence for an hour, unbroken save by voices outside the building, and the far-off chime of Big Ben striking the quarters. There was no fidgeting even on the part of the boys, and less coughing than there would have been in any other congregation. One by one covered their faces with their hands and engaged in silent prayer, still retaining their sitting posture. The visitor confesses that he had dropped asleep, when he was roused by the slow and measured accents of the lady on the raised seat. The Spirit had moved her, and she delivered a brief practical address on the necessity of personal holiness. The preacher was arrayed in pale Quaker costume, and from beneath her grey bonnet peered a face such as might be seen under the wimple of a Lady Abbess, or in a picture of the Mater Dolorosa—a wan, ascetic countenance. Then there was silence for a quarter of an hour, and then the clerically dressed gentleman took up his parable. He was a well-built and tolerably rubicund, country-parson kind of individual, one from whom might have been expected a *basso profundo* voice; whereas he spoke in the shrillest falsetto, preaching about twenty minutes, and in a more doctrinal strain than the lady. He spoke strongly against the possibility of ordinances such as "bread eating, wine drinking, or water sprinkling," bringing Christ nearer to the soul than His own presence, which had been promised wherever two or three should be gathered together in His name. Again there was silence for a quarter of an hour, and suddenly, at the stroke of one, hats were put on and a general shaking of hands commenced, with animated conversation, and every ap-

pearance of relief from a conscious restraint. Dr. Davies, remembering school days, almost expected the boys to start up with a war-whoop, but they were not more demonstrative than their papas. Such is the worship of Quakerism in its declining hour.

Dr. Cumming, who occupies the next two chapters, is universally known as the Coryphæus of those who seek to cast the horoscope of nations out of the Apocalypse. In his serious aspect he is an object of faith and interest to many worthy people. His comic aspect was portrayed by *Punch* when it said that, in consequence of the approach of the Millennium, he was taking in his coals by the sack. He is, at all events, too well known a personage to need any special notice here.

Surrey Chapel, where the Rev. Newman Hall ministers, professes itself entirely unsectarian. Unsectarianism, indeed, appears to be the only line which divides it from the Church of England, the Liturgy of which it uses with slight variation. Its only test of membership is a Christian profession of a very comprehensive and practical kind. Dr. Davies seems to have been greatly pleased with the service, especially the singing, and much struck by the heartiness with which the congregation took part in it. Mr. Newman Hall's excellence as a preacher is well known. Surrey Chapel educates 5,000 children in Sunday and 700 in week-day schools, besides providing mission services for the poor; and the chapel itself is used on week-day evenings as a place of popular education and amusement, by way of counter-attraction to the gin-shop.

The Seventh-day Baptists are one of the most curious waifs of the religious world. They have only two meeting places in England, but are more numerous in the United States. In a strange little nook in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, with unexpected trees and an antique school-house and cottages, Dr. Davies found the minister of the sect—Mr. Black, himself an antiquity, a ven-



erable scholar-like old man arrayed in clerical garb, with a long white beard—and instead of the illiterate enthusiast who might have been expected, a bookworm, thinking, according to his own account, in Latin, saying his prayers in Hebrew, and reading his New Testament lessons from the original Greek. The congregation numbered fourteen persons—the minister and clerk, six men, five women and three children. To these hearers was read an exposition of Scripture which, in point of erudition, would have been over the heads of a University audience, and included a long discussion of the “demi-dialed vase.” The sermon was part of a course on the Harmony of the Gospels. A former course on a like subject had occupied the preacher fifteen years. A course on Systematic Theology, commenced two years and a half before, and, according to the published programme, embracing seven lectures, had not yet advanced to the end of No. 1. What a varied work of mental quiet amidst the go-ahead restlessness of London! The female portion of the congregation meanwhile was lapped in happy slumber, while the children played among the hassocks. Mr. Black had published in defence of the perpetual obligation to observe Saturday as the Sabbath, and had been fortunate enough to light upon the curious argument that the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath was prescribed only by statute law, while by the venerable common law Saturday was *dies Sabbati*. It might be supposed that the existence of the Seventh-day Church hung by the thread of its minister’s life; but though the shears of fate have since severed that thread, the Church continues to exist. It must owe its immortality to an endowment.

The “Christadelphians,” whom Dr. Davies found meeting in a dancing academy, appear to be akin to the Plymouth Brethren, but of a less educated class. Though their name and their general profession are indicative of comprehensiveness, they have a very peculiar and very dogmatic creed. Their position

is defined by Dr. Davies as a blending of Judaism with Chiliasm. The meeting was attended by about fifty members, mostly of the humbler class, who offered up their simple prayer and praise, preached in turn plain practical sermons, and partook, after their own homely, fashion of the bread and wine. Dr. Davies says he heard very solid truths, but nothing distinctive—nothing that might not have been preached in any church or chapel of London—orthodox or unorthodox. He was amazed to hear working men read and expound from their thumbled Bibles, showing complete familiarity with the text. He listened to their sermons and lectures, and thought how well it was for them to be there, since very possibly more elaborate faiths would have failed to comprehend them. He joined in the singing of their simple hymns, and looked on at their homely breaking of bread, not without thoughts that it might typify, more nearly than gorgeous rituals, the Original Supper. The democratic character of the community and the feeling of active participation which each of its members enjoys, are no doubt the main attractions to the Christadelphian Church, as well as to other communities of the same kind.

The name of the “Moravians” is familiar to all who have read the life of Wesley. The Church is venerable among Protestant Churches for its antiquity, dating from a period before the Reformation. Founded by followers of John Huss, and afterwards crushed by Papal persecution, it was revived in the beginning of the eighteenth century by the well-known Count Zinzendorf, and found its way into England in the train of the House of Hanover. The congregation in the chapel in Fetter Lane was small, not exceeding thirty; but the educational and missionary activity of the Society appears to be out of all proportion to its numbers. As might be expected from their German origin, the Moravians are great in hymnody. They are strict in life, eschewing balls, theatres, and places of amusement generally. Mora-

vian marriage, the theme of many a jibe, has it seems undergone the general influence of the age; for instead of the young people being paired off by elders after casting lots, only a little judicious advice is now used. "If any one," says Dr. Davies, "tired of the unromantic routine of the present, wishes to throw himself back in imagination a few Christian centuries, he may do worse some Sunday morning than confide himself to the motherly care of the good old pew-opener at the little Moravian chapel in Fetter Lane. There he shall hear the quaint old chorales which carry him back to the days of Luther and Huss—nay, the familiar talk of 'Agapæ' or 'Love-feasts' bears him back to an epoch earlier still, and nearer the source of the Church's history. He may—if there chance not to be a Stockwell tragedy on the *tapis*—hear an eloquent discourse on Christian morals, and he will come away edified both by sermon and service, even if he is not able to go so faras enthusiastic John Wesley, who, in his first experiences of Moravianism, exclaimed, 'God has given me the desire of my heart. I am with a Church whose conversation is in heaven, in whom is the mind that was in Christ, and who so walk as He walked. As they all have one Lord and one faith, so they are all partakers of one spirit—the spirit of meekness and love.'"

"Father Ignatius" (whose mundane appellation is Rev. Francis Lyne) is certainly one of the most singular religious phenomena, in the Ritualistic direction, of a singular age. He throws open the doors of his "Benedictine Monastery," No. 51, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, by public advertisement, to all who wish to hear him, on Saturday evenings. Attracted by the invitation, Dr. Davies presented himself, he says, at a most unmonastic-looking abode, and, on knocking at the front door, was admitted by a thoroughly secular boy, monastic only in his palpable aversion to soap, who desired him to mount to the drawing-room floor. In that apartment he found himself nearly

"Jack among the maidens," in a congregation scarcely exceeding half a hundred, but still filling the forms in the Benedictine *salon*. The front row was occupied by some dozen females in a quasi-religious costume of dark gown and white cap, something like those worn by servant girls before chignons. What these women were Dr. Davies had no notion. They ranged from girls in their teens to women of forty, and seemed rather out of place in a monastery. They may have been there to sing, for they warbled like nightingales. In a small back drawing-room was fitted up a small altar on a footpace, with large crucifix and six composite candles. Soon after the visitor's arrival, the dirty page, now gorgeous in scarlet cassock and surplice, lighted up. There was a good deal of running up and down stairs on the part of the cœnobite brethren, but soon a procession entered, consisting of the Rev. W. A. Shoults, arrayed in lace skirt and surplice; the scarlet acolyte, with censers; three or four very juvenile-looking brethren, with their extinguisher cowls sticking strangely up above their heads; and, last but not least, Father Ignatius himself, in the garb of his order, and looking, from his emaciated face down to his sandalled feet, every inch 'a priest all shaven and shorn.' A service was then commenced, consisting of any number of psalms, with curious interpolations of melody, which nobody understood but Ignatius himself—the officiating priest least of all, for he had to be prompted continually by the "superior." The people in the room had books, but nobody near Dr. Davies had the faintest conception of what was going on. Then the resplendent page came and put a blue cloak on Mr. Shoults, handing him the censer at the same time. He was not *au fait* at swinging this at all, and once or twice he seemed as if he would have thrown it into the congregation and hurt some of them. As it was, he nearly poisoned them with the fumes; and there was an interval of coughing for several minutes, until some-

body reasoned with him and he desisted. Father Ignatius then offered an extempore prayer, and as he *posed* himself to do so Dr. Davies could not help being conscious of the picturesqueness of the situation. There was considerable sweetness in the young monk's face, but the expression of that and the prayer he said were tinged with just the slightest degree of affectation. After partaking of light refreshment in the shape of a glass of sherry, and bearing more than his share in a beautiful hymn, sung by all the congregation, he girded up his loins and commenced his sermon. 'The style of the discourse, says Dr. Davies, may best be described as an evident copy of Mr. Spurgeon, equalling his eccentricities, but only faintly approaching his power. The Rev. Father seemed to Dr. Davies ever to shave the edge of profanity. He spoke of himself as "having pawned himself in the devil's pawnshop, till Christ came and took him out." "Do you know," he added, "I often think Christ must have *very bad taste* to choose a poor wretch like me." "Whom I serve," he kept on repeating over and over again, "whom I serve! Would you mind all standing up and repeating those words after me—whose I am and whom I serve?" So up all the congregation got, and said them like infants at school. "Troubles," he exclaimed, "troubles drop off the saint like water off a duck's back." "I always feel tempted to say funny things when I'm preaching, and it appears to me when I haven't been thinking of Christ, I get a fit of spiritual indigestion." Some saints, he informed his hearers, were so overcome by a sense of their own unworthiness of God's love, that they were obliged to cry out "No, don't, Lord; please don't; this is too much!" Dr. Davies recognises power and sincerity in Mr. Lyne's preaching, but ventures to expostulate in the words of Sam Slick, "This is coming it rayther too strong." As the visitor went away he was struck by the particularly cosy and unmonastic aspect of the

parlour on the ground floor, in and out of which the white caps were flitting. His last word is that it was like *playing at church*. No doubt the craving for sensationalism seeks gratification in worship as well as in fiction.

It enlarges, if possible, our estimate of human credulity to find that Joanna Southcote has still a sect upon the earth. Originating, says Dr. Davies, towards the end of the last century with an old woman's assumption of immaculate conception, it would appear that when her followers' hopes were disappointed by her speedy death, and irrefragable medical testimony that her symptoms of impending maternity were only, like Queen Mary's, dropsical, the sect must have at once and for ever collapsed. But fanaticism has within it a more than feline tenacity of life. The sect lived on and explained away the failure of its hopes, notwithstanding the extravagant *layette* that had been prepared for the expected Shiloh, by saying that a spiritual not a material birth was contemplated.

The undaunted explorer with considerable difficulty found the saints, who had been much "drove about" by the Walworth improvements, in the back parlour of Mr. Peacock's cooperage at Walworth. The assembly numbered four. Dr. Davies ventured to pop the question whether the hopes of the saints had not collapsed when Joanna's real condition was revealed by a *post mortem* examination. With a smile at his heathen ignorance, the two male saints pointed to the old lady in the corner, and said, "There are our hopes; Mrs. Peacock has taken Joanna's place." Dr. Davies' look expressed his difficulty; but the old woman herself came to the rescue and said, "It aint a material birth we look for, but a spiritual one." The whole thing seems to be mere fatuity. Dr. Davies was asked to sign the manifesto of the saints, styled the "Indictment against Satan," dated from "the Royal Manger, No. 3 Gloucester

Place, Westmoreland Road, Walworth, Surrey, where this prayer lies for signing, already signed by over four hundred and fifty thousand." He resorted to the pardonable stratagem of appending the name of one of his boys, who had shown such a propensity to mischief as to be sometimes entitled an imp.

The "Sandemanians," or "Glassites," had the honour of numbering among the members of their Church Professor Faraday, whose intellectual life must have been curiously divided between two distinct hemispheres, that of physical science and that of sectarian enthusiasm. The sect derives its double name from its founder, John Glass, a deposed and seceding minister of the Scotch Kirk, and Robert Sandeman, his son-in-law, who developed Glass's doctrine. Glass was deposed in 1728. Sandeman preached for a few years in London, then emigrated to America, where bodies of Sandemanians exist, while the number in London is only one hundred. The Sandemanians take every word of Scripture in the literal sense, instead of adopting any formal creed or confession of faith. They retain the Agapæ, or love-feasts, of the early Christians. Attendance at these love-feasts is obligatory. Kissing is an institution. At the love-feast each member salutes the person that sits next to him on each side. The places are assigned by lot, which is regarded as sacred by the Sandemanians, while they shun cards, dice and other games of chance. The washing of the feet is also retained. Another peculiarity is the objection of the sect to second marriages: the possession of a second wife is a disqualification for eldership. So the Sandemanians interpret the precept that a bishop must be the "husband of one wife." The worth of works is utterly repudiated, "which," says Dr. Davies, "makes the Sandemanian a cheerless creed after all; no room for humble acts of piety; no space for hope; all resolved into a cold,

hard, mathematical acceptance of historical fact." The service consisted of very dismal singing, followed by an equally dismal sermon. The subject was an exposition of the most penitential of the Psalms, and the preacher, though there was nothing really to cry about in his sermon, kept weeping and almost losing his voice from emotion; nay, more than that, he made many of his congregation cry too, out of mere sympathy, for the discourse was rather critical than pathetic. Dr. Davies could not pretend to give a sketch of it: the only idea he could clearly trace was that thoughts of sin in the night were not to be explained away in the morning by merely physical causes; but when the preacher arrived at this point he broke down from sheer emotion, and passed on to some other topic, which gradually worked up to the same lamentable climax. Dr. Davies never remembers undergoing such a protracted process of depression in his life; and he feels bound to put it on record that, if their worship does not belie them, the Sandemanians must be the most dismal people on earth. And all this must have been habitually undergone by Faraday! Swedenborg, however, was assessor to a school of mines, and Sir Isaac Newton had fancies about prophecy. Perhaps there is an intellectual Nemesis of physical science.

The "Plumstead Peculiars" have their abode in Woolwich. Dr. Davies found no difficulty in getting on their track, the neighbourhood being up in arms against them, so that, if unpopularity is a test of saintliness, the Peculiars stand at the head of modern hageology. The cause of this distinction was a too literal interpretation by the sect of the precept of James: "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." By treating small-pox on this principle, as an inquest on two children who had died of it revealed, the

Peculiarly naturally gave umbrage to their neighbours. Dr. Davies found the "Elder Sister" of the order, a decent sort of woman, in a sombre dress, full, as he says, to the very finger nails, of her strange faith, and impressed with the idea that her visitor was a lost sheep straying by a special Providence into the true fold. He proceeded in quest of the male Elders, Hurry, Hines and Vine, the last of whom was a coal-carter, and had been one of the officiating ministers in the case of the poor infant whose death had formed the subject of a recent inquest. Elder Hines had gone to London to further the legal interests of Brother Hurry, at that time in durance vile; and an infelicitous question addressed to Mrs. Elder Hines, how it came that while the saints dispensed with medical, they were not above legal assistance, closed that source of information. Elder Vine, when found, was, like all realized ideals, disappointing. He had only the same hobby as the others, ridden more to death. He had that afternoon been dismissed from his employment at the crowded arsenal, unless he would give up his Elderly functions; he had promised the head of the department to refrain from manipulating contagious cases; but the functionary naturally replied that he could not make it his business to inquire whether Elder Vine were manipulating catarrh or small-pox. A coloured gentleman was a bright light among the Peculiar people. Him Dr. Davies found airing himself at his shop door. After a modest half-disclaimer, he owned that he worshipped with the Peculiar people. He thought them good, consistent Christian folk. He believed, however, that everything "came from de Lord," *even doctors*. As he parted from Dr. Davies on the platform of the Plumstead Station, the little boys shouted "Peculiar" after him, while he strode through his tiny persecutors with a superb air of contempt. "Such are the Plumstead Peculiar. Their faith and morality are beyond question. They are all poor, but help each other out of their common

poverty in truly apostolic fashion. They gather at their nightly prayer meetings. All the long Sunday they spend in their little grimy chapel, some who come from a distance bringing their humble fare, and making a sort of pious pic-nic of their devotions; but—alas for that inevitable but!—they let their little ones die. They spread small-pox heedlessly among their fellow-creatures; and why? Simply because they will ride to death that one text which tells of the prayer of faith, utterly oblivious of the fact that the same writer who penned it added: "Faith, if it have not works, is dead, being alone;" and are inconsistent enough, while repudiating the doctor for their sick little ones, not to hesitate to call in the lawyer to get their Elder out of Newgate."

The phenomena of Spiritualism, of which Dr. Davies gives us his experience under the titles "Mediums," "A Shilling Séance," "Spirit Faces," "At a Dark Circle," can hardly be classed with the eccentricities of religious feeling. They are in fact physical superstitions, occupying the vacuum left in the human mind and heart by the temporary suspension, among large classes, of religious belief. They correspond to the belief in astrology which was rife in the Roman Empire during the decadence of Paganism, and again in Europe during that period of scepticism which followed the downfall of the faith of the Middle Ages. Dr. Davies' experiences and observations of Spiritualism do not greatly differ from those of other men of sense. In one case submitted to him, there was a considerable amount of profanity mingled with the imposture or self-delusion. The age of miracles, it seems, has not altogether passed away. As Dr. Newton, an eminent medium, was on his way to the Progressive Library in a Hansom cab, the horse was taken with the blind staggers. "The people began to make a fuss," said he, "but I jumped out, laid my hands on the horse's head, and he was all right in a minute." A "Shilling



Séance" is the "African sherry" of Spiritualism, enabling the million at a moderate cost to taste the flavour of refined absurdity. Of a "Dark Séance," Dr. Davies remarks that it is difficult to assign limits to what might be done, given perfect darkness and utter silence. This consideration, coupled with the fact that the audience generally are predisposed to belief by the personal influence of an imposing charlatan, seems to us, if not to dispel whatever of mystery may in Dr. Davies' estimation remain, at least to justify an attitude of decided scepticism, until the manifestations shall take place in the light and be recognized as real by men of science. True, it was in the light—of a lamp at all events—that Dr. Davies saw "Spirit Faces" protruded through rather Punch-and-Judy-like openings of a partition behind which a "medium" was sitting. But why did he see only *faces*, not whole figures? We can tell him, and any one else whom it may concern. The faces are *masks*, and the head protruded is really that of the medium herself, wearing the different masks successively. In the operating box of a medium whom we ourselves visited, there were two Punch-and-Judy apertures, one above, through which the faces of adults appeared; the other below, for the faces of children, who it seems were unable to rise from the ground even in the spirit world. The adult masks were no doubt worn upon the woman's face, the masks of children on her knee.

Cognate to Spiritualism in character and origin are such thaumaturgics as the miraculous cures performed by the Zouave Jacob, which form the subject of another chapter. Jacob came to London at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, chased, as he said, from Paris by war and revolution; though, as Dr. Davies shrewdly remarks, a time of war was exactly the one in which miraculous powers of healing would have been most in requisition. Jacob's language was that familiar to thaumaturgists. He pre-

tended that the healing influence, or "fluid," did not emanate from himself, but was dispensed by spirits surrounding the patient, whose ethereal attendance his own presence guaranteed. Dr. Davies attended a *séance*. At about three o'clock, he says, a gentleman of clerical appearance and most satisfactory valetudinarian aspect knocked at the door. It was his second visit. His maladies were relaxed throat and deafness. He was fortunately able to assure M. Jacob that both of these maladies had *increased* since his first visit. This, it seems, is the normal process under M. Jacob's treatment. The malady, whatever it is, first increases, then comes to a climax, and ultimately disappears. The party then adjourned to an inner room for the *séance*. Dr. Davies, the invalid, and an agent or secretary of M. Jacob occupied three chairs in line, and M. Jacob himself stood opposite them and remained in a state of seeming abstraction for several minutes after giving them the order "*Ne bougez pas.*" Of course they immediately felt the inevitable tickling at the top of their noses, and apparent impossibility of keeping still. However, they sat quiet, and, in a few minutes, M. Jacob made some passes over the invalid's throat and ear, then seemed to be trying to crack his secretary's knuckles, like Newman Noggs, and finally came to Dr. Davies, telling him first that his left toe was cold—a statement he was compelled to contradict. Neither could he agree with M. Jacob that he experienced pricking sensations in his knees. He was then informed that he had a weakness in his back. He replied that he was not aware of it, a fact which was explained by saying the weakness was "undeveloped." So the *séance* ended, and Dr. Davies took the opportunity of going off with the invalid. So abject is the thaumaturgy which will attract devotees in this sceptical and rationalistic age. Christians have some reason for saying that great is the faith of infidelity.

The concluding part of Dr. Davies'

volume is occupied with the religious phenomena of Roman Catholicism, Judaism and the Greek Church. But though his experiences and his descriptions of them are

very interesting, we cannot find room for subjects at once so extensive, and in their general features so familiar, at the end of an article already long.

#### LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

GOLDENHAIR climbed up on grandpapa's knee ;  
 Dear little Goldenhair, tired was she—  
 All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,  
 Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,  
 Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head.  
 "What has my darling been doing," he said,  
 "Since she rose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one,  
 "I cannot tell so much things I have done,  
 Played with my dolly, and feeded my bun,

"And then I jumped with my little jump-rope,  
 And I made out of some water and soap  
 Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture book,  
 And, Bella and I, we went to look  
 For smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,  
 And I climbed up on grandpapa's knee,  
 And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,  
 Until it had dropped upon grandpapa's breast—  
 Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest !

We are but children. Things that we do  
 Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,  
 That marks all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,  
 And we shall be called to account for our day,  
 He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's lay.

And oh ! when aweary, may we be so blest,  
 And sink like the innocent child to our rest,  
 And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast !

## LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By LOUISA MURRAY, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

## CHAPTER XVII.

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S WATCH.

IT was ten o'clock, but the long June twilight still lingered. In the west the sun's afterglow spread warm and golden, and with a faint tinge of rose, up to the zenith, veiling the pure light of moon and stars as they floated onward through the purple east in a soft, tremulous splendour, and throwing over earth and heaven a robe of ineffable loveliness.

Little Dorinn sat on the low step at her cabin door, looking dreamily out on the beauty of the night. But of this she had but a dim consciousness. The soft stillness, and lovely lights and shades, changing and vanishing and reappearing, as if the colour sprites of the air had been scattering their glorious dyes about in play, had lulled her into reverie, and she was living the past over again. Maurice Byrne, handsome, happy and gay as of old, was beside her; she felt his breath warm on her cheek, the curls of his hair touched hers, and his voice made her heart throb as she heard him whisper fondly: "You're the light of my eyes and the darling of my heart, and I'll never love any one but you."

Her happy dream was rudely broken by the harsh cry of a screech-owl among the rocks, and wakening with a start, she looked round and saw Matty the Mouse close by her side.

"Oh, then, is that you, Matty?" she said; "who'd have thought to see you here at this late hour?"

"Sure I was taking a short cut to Larry

Neil's, where I'm going to stop for the night," said Matty in a dull, weary voice, very different from his usual cheery tones. "But what's keeping you up so late, acushla? You ought to be asleep in your bed long ago."

"It's too fine a night to be in bed," said Little Dorinn. "I'd rather sit here and look at the clear lights in the sky, and the shadows on the rocks, and the lovely moon and stars, and listen to the little stream running over the stones."

"Troth, honey, for my part, I think there's something sorrowful in the look of the night, for as fine as it is," said Matty, "and something mournful in the sound of the stream. And listen there!" he exclaimed, as the cry of the screech-owl was repeated again close beside them. "Isn't that a fearful cry?"

"Sure it's only a screech-owl," said Little Dorinn; "I often hear them at night."

"God help us and save us! maybe it's not a screech-owl," said Matty.

"Why, what else would it be?" said Little Dorinn.

"Maybe it's a warning," said Matty.

"A warning—of what, Matty?"

"Oh, God knows. How's your grandfather, alanna?"

"He's wonderful well. I never remember him better. He's sound asleep now. Listen, and you'll hear him breathing. He always sleeps sound the first part of the night. Sure you didn't think it was a warning for him—did you, Matty?"

"No, agra, I didn't. But sometimes there's strange warnings sent to us, we don't

know how, to let us know them we love have been taken away from us."

"Maurice!" cried Little Dorinn, with wide-dilated eyes, and springing to her feet as she spoke, "have you heard anything about Maurice?"

"Och, and I wish it was myself was gone, and not him!" burst out Matty—"me, that's an ould withered stump, with no one to care for me, and not a brave young boy like Maurice, that has a tender heart like yours bound up in him—not to mention his poor ould mother."

"Oh, hush!" cried Little Dorinn, as old Paddy stirred and moved uneasily in his sleep; "don't waken grandfather! Come away from the door,"—and she moved a few steps away, beckoning to Matty to follow her. "Now, what was it you were saying?" she asked, with a great dread in her face—"Was it anything about Maurice? I was dreaming a little while ago that he was beside me; maybe I'm dreaming still."

"You're not dreaming, my poor little colleen," said Matty; "Sure there's no use in my trying to keep it from you; he's dead, poor fellow—he's dead!"

"May God forgive you, Matty, for saying such a thing!" cried Little Dorinn wildly; "some one has been deceiving you. Oh, why would you come and tell me such a wicked lie?"

"God pity you, it's no lie, asthore," said Matty, "it's the sorrowful truth. There was a band of Fenians in the Phooka's Glen, and Maurice was with them, and the men that led them wanted to have Mr. Frank Wingfield put out of the way; they ordered Maurice to do it, but he told them straight out he wouldn't hurt Mr. Frank for all the Fenians in the country, or even for ould Ireland herself; and with that the Colonel that was in command drew out a revolver and fired at him, and shot him."

Matty paused, but Little Dorinn's wildly gleaming eyes, her quivering lips, the mute

anguish of her face, seemed to compel him to speak on.

"They were on the top of the cliff in front of the caves. Maurice was close on the edge when the Colonel fired, and he fell over the rock. But he didn't feel it, child! he didn't feel it!" cried Matty, as a wild shriek of agony burst from Little Dorinn, and pierced his heart through the crust in which old age and a wandering life had encased it; "the life was gone out of him before he ever touched the stones below."

"It's not true—it's not true!" cried Little Dorinn, with a desperate determination not to believe the dreadful tale, as one struggles in a wild effort to shake off some frightful nightmare. "It can't be true."

"Ochone, ochone," said Matty, "sure I was there and saw it."

"What did you see?" asked Little Dorinn.

"I saw him fall over the rock; and wasn't the big stone that fell over with him broken to pieces with a crash and a roar like thunder? No mortal man could fall into the Phooka's Footstep and ever come out of it alive, unless by a miracle."

"Sure there's miracles happening every day, if we only believed in them!" cried Little Dorinn, clasping her hands with feverish energy. "Many a one has been wounded and didn't die; many a one has fallen over the rocks and not been killed. Was there no one there man enough to go and see whether he was alive or dead?"

"Sure we all knew he was dead," said old Matty; "and some of the boys cried out that it was murder, and they were going to turn on the Colonel when the word was given that Wingfield was coming up the pass with a regiment of soldiers. But sure that was a scheme of McCann's to keep the boys quiet; and faix, as soon as they heard it they changed their tune, and followed the Colonel out of the glen as meek as mice. And what did he do, bad luck to him, but bring me along with the boys half a dozen

miles up the mountain, till Captain McCann, that I once did a good turn to, let me off."

"Oh! Maurice, Maurice," wailed Little Dorinn, "it was you that had the kind heart for old and young and every living thing, and now you're left lying on the cold hard rocks with no one to help or comfort you!"

"Indeed, and there's no help for it to-night, avourneen," said Matty; "it's too late to do anything to-night; but to-morrow we'll get some good climbers to go up and bring his poor body down; and his mother, poor woman, is able to afford him all the rites of the Church—an elegant wake and a beautiful burying, and the best of masses for his soul. And what more could any one desire after he's dead?"

Little Dorinn shuddered convulsively, but looking at Matty with wild, intense eyes, and a feverish flush dyeing her cheeks, she said, "Matty, he isn't dead! I know he's not! There's something within tells me so."

"God forgive me!" said old Matty, "she's crazed entirely. I wish I hadn't told her, and I never would if I hadn't seen her sitting on the door-step. It was unlucky I came this way; but sure it was a short cut to Larry Neil's, and where else was I to get a lodging handy at this time of night, and I not able to go any farther? for I'm fairly broke down with fear and sorrow, and the sight of that poor boy murdered before my eyes. God help us all, what is she looking at now?" he cried. "Don't, asthore! don't!" and he laid his hand on her arm, "don't be looking at them mountains as if your spirit was coming out of your body and going to fly over them. Wirra! wirra! what an unlucky ould fool I was to tell her."

"Oh, Matty," cried Little Dorinn, "I'm glad you told me. God bless you for telling me! I'll thank you and bless you for it all my life. But you must go away now, and leave me alone. I want to be alone."

"Alone, honey? What is it you want to be alone for? It's best for us to go into the house and waken your grandfather, and tell him the sorrowful news, and then, maybe, the tears will come and ease your poor heart."

"For you see," Matty said when he told the story afterwards, "her eyes were dry, and shining like two stars, and there was a look in her face that went through me like lightning, and made me feel as if it was a spirit, and not a living woman, that was beside me."

"Oh, Matty, for the love of Heaven don't waken grandfather," cried Little Dorinn; "let him sleep in peace while he can."

"You're not meaning to do yourself any harm—are you, child?" asked old Matty. "Sure you wouldn't be so wicked as to shut yourself out from God's mercy that way, let alone forsaking the poor old man in there, that's as dependent on you as a child. What would become of him if he lost you?"

"No, no, I'll not do myself any harm; I'll take care of myself; only I want to be alone," said Little Dorinn.

"And there's Mrs. Byrne," said Matty, "who has she to look to for comfort in her heavy trouble but you? It's you that'll have to break it to her to-morrow, for there's no one else could do it."

"Oh, yes, I'll do anything you like to-morrow, but to-night—to-night I want to be alone. I want to pray to the blessed Mary to help me. She knew what it was to have her heart torn with sorrow like mine!"

"Yes, avourneen, yes," said Matty, "prayers is good. What would we do in this cruel world if we couldn't say a prayer to the blessed ones above? And you'll go into the house, alanna, won't you?" he added coaxingly; "you needn't waken the ould man, but it will be good for you to feel him near. Light a candle, avourneen, and shut the door, and say your prayers and cry your tears—tears would do you good, acushla, if you'd only let them come."

"Yes, Matty, I'll go into the house and



shut the door, and say my prayers. And, Matty, it's only a few steps from here to Larry Neil's—will you come over the first thing in the morning?"

"Indeed and I will, child, and I meant to do that same. Sure I'll stay with you and the ould man all night, if you like."

"Oh, no, Matty, thank you kindly, but I'd rather be alone—alone with grandfather and the blessed saints."

"Well, sure, you couldn't have better company, asthore, and so I'll bid you good night, and may God comfort you and have mercy on the soul of the poor boy that's gone."

Little Dorinn hastily turned away, unable or unwilling to utter the usual "Amen" in response, and going into the cabin closed the door. She was not afraid of wakening her grandfather, for he was so much accustomed to her quiet movements about the house that they never disturbed him. Lighting a rush candle, she placed some oat cakes and milk on a table beside the old man's bed, ready for his breakfast. Then she sought in a box for a bottle of whisky, which old Paddy sometimes took when his rheumatic pains were bad, and filling a phial put it in her pocket. Turning towards a little crucifix hanging on the wall, she then knelt down, prayed a brief, impassioned prayer, and rising, was about to go out when a sudden thought seemed to strike her. Coming back, she took from a nail on which it hung a dark woollen shawl, and wrapped it round her head and shoulders, then, opening the door, she passed out, carefully closed the door behind her, and ran swiftly down the winding path through the glen.

Having crossed the ridge of rocks which shut in the little glen, and passed over the common where Maurice had gathered the blackberries, Little Dorinn climbed a wooded hill, and coming down on the other side was stopped in her flight by a double ditch, and a screen of woodland. But only for a minute. She soon managed to cross the ditch and

came out through the wood on a wide expanse of smooth green turf, part of a fine old domain, over which great branching oaks and beeches were scattered, the river flowing softly and dreamily among them, as if wearied with the strife and toil through which it had fought its way from the mountains. The moon was now getting high in heaven, and rapidly asserting her sovereignty over the night, which she filled with a brightness almost as clear and vivid as day. The planets shone large and lustrous in the dim aerial distance, and the light of moon and stars was reflected on the glassy bosom of the river, while the great trees made mysterious spaces of shadow on the silvery grass, from whence it was easy to imagine troops of fairies emerging to hold their revels in the moonshine. It was a lovely scene; and the silent figure passing through it so swiftly, so silently, and with such feverish intensity of purpose in her gleaming eyes and flying feet, might have served for a picture of Kilmeny escaping from Fairyland.

Fairies mingle largely with all the Irish peasants' beliefs and imaginations, and Little Dorinn thought of them now. She remembered how Maurice had said to her, "Maybe the Queen of the Fairies will take a fancy to me and carry me off to Fairyland, and then you'll never see me anymore!" "I was afraid when I heard him say it," Little Dorinn said to herself now, "for if there's such things—and who can say that there's not?—they might be offended, and punish him for making a joke of them. But, oh! there's far worse things in the world than the fairies."

And then, as she had hardly for one moment ceased doing, she poured forth passionate prayers that Maurice might be still alive—prayers such as only a faith never shaken or chilled by doubts or misgivings can utter; prayers that seem inspired to knock at the door of heaven till it is opened and their petitions granted; prayers that ask for miracles, and while they ask never doubt that their fervent supplications will be

answered. At another time Little Dorinn, like old Matty and every one else, would have thought it impossible that any human being could survive a fall into the Phooka's Footstep; but now from the depths of her anguish was born a wild hope that in some way or other Maurice had escaped. She was like a mother who holds her dead baby pressed to her heart, and persists in declaring that it is only asleep, while she watches in an agony of fear and hope to see the closed eyes open and look at her with glad recognition, the pale lips part and smile at her as they were used to do.

Crossing a rustic wooden bridge, Little Dorinn passed through a field where herds of ruminating cattle were lying, the gentle creatures scarcely turning their heads to look at her, and thence, by wooded copses and ferny dells, she reached the region of rock and heath again.

A few minutes now brought her to the pass at the head of the Phooka's Glen. In this spot had been her earliest home, and she and her brothers, now all dead, had often picked frog-hans in the glen, and played hide-and-seek in the Phooka's Caves. Many a time she had thrown stones over the cliff, that she might hear the crash of their fall into the Phooka's Footstep, and listened for the echoes that repeated the sound again and again. To reach this chasm from above was impossible, but she knew that it was accessible from below, as she had seen her eldest brother, a bold, daring lad of fifteen, climb to it, and bring down as a trophy of his achievement a branch of the great yew tree that grew there; but had the way to it been ten times more difficult and dangerous than it was, she would have attempted it that night. She believed that no precipice a human foot could scale, no obstacle mortal energy could overcome, would be a barrier strong enough to keep her from Maurice. She felt like one inspired, and so in truth she was; inspired by her faithful and devoted love.

Following the path by the river, she soon reached the great boulder stretching half across the road, round which lay the only passage to the Phooka's Footstep. Nothing like a path was to be seen, but for a little way, by winding in and out among the rocks, it was comparatively easy to ascend. Gradually, however, the rocks closed in; she could no longer proceed without climbing their steep sides, and the footing was so difficult and precarious that a single false step would have sent her to the bottom of the glen. Here, too, the light was dim and uncertain, and she had often to pick her way more by feeling than by sight. But the image of Maurice, lying bruised and bleeding on the rocks, beckoned her onward with irresistible force; and whether the passionate intensity of feeling which impelled her, and which so immeasurably increases the power of every faculty, gave her skill and strength, or the Virgin Mother, whose aid she so fervently invoked, helped her, as she herself believed, she got on without slip or stumble, always instinctively placing her foot in the right place; always finding some branch of a tree or root of ivy to assist her in crossing from one rock to another; and never failing, when uncertain of her way, to catch sight of the great yew tree, on whose dark leaves the moonbeams steadily shone.

At last the edge of the chasm was reached, and she began to descend its side. Till the bottom was gained she kept her eyes heroically averted; she would not risk a glance that might unsteady her nerves, and endanger the life or limbs which might save Maurice. But as she dropped safely down on the fragments of rock which the Phooka's magic footstep had broken, with what an agony of hope and fear did she look round! There, under the shadow of the wide-branched old yew, lay something—oh! how her heart beat, how every fibre of her frame thrilled and quivered as she drew near!

Yes; it was Maurice; lying quiet and still as if in peaceful sleep; but as she knelt down

beside him, she knew that the stillness was more like that of death than of sleep. One arm was extended, the hand clenched, and filled with twigs and leaves; the other was helplessly bent under him, and as she tried to raise his head, she felt that his hair was wet with blood.

"Oh, Father in heaven! Oh, blessed Mary!" she murmured, as she held him in her arms, "help me now in my hour of sore need! Maurice, avourneen! Maurice, agra! it's me that's speaking to you—your own Little Dorinn. Wake up, darling, and kiss me, and tell me you're not dead! Often and often you've scolded me for being so sparing of my kisses, but I'll kiss you now, my heart's darling, if you'll only waken! I'll kiss you all night long!" And with passionate love she kissed his brow, his eyes, his lips, while the tears she had not shed till now fell like rain on his face.

Her tears, her kisses, her loving words, seemed to penetrate through the dull torpor of his long and death-like swoon, and bring back his fast-failing life. He stirred slightly and uttered a faint moan. And now came an agony of hope, almost as hard to bear as the agony of fear she had felt before; but she controlled her emotion, forced back her tears, and, tenderly supporting his head on her breast, contrived to get a few drops of the whiskey she had brought into his mouth. They seemed to revive him; his clenched teeth unclosed, and he opened his eyes.

With a throbbing, quivering heart, but a hand that her great love made firm and steady, Little Dorinn gave him a little more whiskey; and as he swallowed it, a gleam of bewildered consciousness came into his face. "Dory—Dory Laverty," he muttered, slowly and painfully, "is it you, or is it your spirit?"

"It's me—me myself, Maurice, my own darling!"

"Is it sick I am? Have I got a fever? Was it all a dream that I was with the Fenians, and that I fell over the rock at the

caves? But it was no dream!" he exclaimed; "I remember it all now. If I only had that black villain here!" and he tried to raise himself from the tender arms that held him.

"Oh, hush, darling; hush!" said Little Dorinn; "lie quiet, and don't think of him, only of the mercy of God that saved you!"

"Isn't that Little Dorinn that's speaking?" said Maurice. "Where is it I am?"

"You're here with me, Maurice, agra; in the Phooka's Footstep, where you fell. I'm here to take care of you till better help comes."

"In the Phooka's Footstep?" repeated Maurice. "Then it's all a dream. Little Dorinn never could get to me there. It's not her at all; it's only a vision."

"It's no vision, Maurice; it's me,—your own Little Dorinn!"

"But how could you get here, my pet? Sure your pretty little feet and your nice little hands never could climb these rocks. Was it the angels brought you here to comfort me before I die? Kiss me, then, darling! kiss me, and say you forgive me for leaving you in the cruel way I did. I thought I felt your kisses on my lips a little while ago. Kiss me again before you go away."

"Oh, Maurice, my heart's darling," cried Little Dorinn, kissing him again and again, "I'm not going away. I'm going to stay with you till help comes in the morning."

But Maurice did not hear her last words; the life that Little Dorinn had called back for a little while failed again, and he sank once more into stupor and unconsciousness.

In spite of her grief and terror, Little Dorinn did not lose her courage and presence of mind. Taking off her cotton apron and tearing it into slips, she bound up his wounded head and arm, having first applied a cloth dipped in whiskey to his head—a cure used by "the boys" for all cuts and bruises received in faction fights or other "rows and ructions" at fairs and patterns. Then, by a supreme effort of her strength

she managed to place him in a more comfortable position, resting partly on her lap, partly on her shawl, which she had folded and laid under him; and, supporting his head on her breast, she waited in patient faith till the morning. She reproached herself now that she had not told Matty she was going to find Maurice, dead or alive, and asked him to rouse the neighbours and send help at once. She had not done so, partly because she knew that Matty would have believed her mad, and would have wakened and alarmed her grandfather, and partly from a superstitious feeling that if she went alone and unaided, except, as she said, by God and the blessed Saints, the hopes, which she knew every one else would deem the wildest insanity, were more likely to be fulfilled. And now that these hopes had been so wonderfully realized, now that she had found Maurice alive, surely the Power that had preserved him from so frightful a danger, and brought her to his side, would not suffer him to perish. Maurice had been saved by a miracle, she believed, and, if it were necessary, another miracle could be wrought to complete the work.

To others besides Little Dorinn Maurice's escape might well have seemed miraculous; but, wonderful as it was, it is easily explained. In falling, his hand had come in contact with a young birch sapling, growing in a crevice of the cliff some thirty feet from the summit; he caught it instinctively, and though it quickly gave way, for a moment it arrested his descent and lessened its rapidity; but this, perhaps, would not have availed him much if he had not been so fortunate as to come down on the heavy branches of the old yew tree, which effectually broke the violence of his fall; and in this way, though very much bruised, and his head severely wounded by the rocks, he escaped the certain death that would otherwise have been his fate.

Short as midsummer nights are, this one seemed of interminable length to Little

Dorinn. Every now and then she moistened Maurice's lips with whiskey, but he did not revive again, and so faint was his breathing that at times it appeared to stop altogether. Sometimes strangely familiar sounds, as of well-known music, floated round her, now far off, then nearer, and then softly dying away; and, tremblingly, she asked herself if they were the voices of the angels of whom Maurice had spoken, coming to waft his soul to heaven. Then she would put her lips to his till she felt his faint breath, press him softly in her arms, pray with fervent faith, and hope again. She was sure that when Matty missed her from the cabin in the morning, and found that her grandfather did not know where she was, he would at once suspect that she had gone to the Phooka's Glen, and send the neighbours to search for her and Maurice there. With this hope, and her firm trust in God's mercy, she supported her courage through the long, slow, weary-footed hours, till the chill air that heralds the dawn came over the mountains, and above their eastern tops gleamed the first faint tinge of pearly light. Faint and pale it shone on Maurice's ghastly face; and as Little Dorinn gazed on him with yearning tenderness, she fancied that his breath came fainter and fainter, and was gradually ebbing away.

"Oh, Father above! take pity upon us!" she cried aloud. "Send us help before it is too late!"

As if in answer to her cry, something touched her shoulder, and, looking round with a start, she saw the small, dark, eager face of Malachy Bride.

"I was afraid it was your fetch, till I touched you," said the boy. "Who's that you've got in your arms?"

"Is that you, Malachy Bride?" said Little Dorinn. "It's Maurice Byrne that's here. The Fenians shot him because he refused to take Mr. Frank's life, and he fell over the rock at the caves."

"He's not dead, is he?" asked Malachy.

"Oh, no, he's not dead; but many a time this night I'd have thought he was dying, only I had faith in them above that saved him at first, and brought me up the rocks to take care of him."

"Who was it you said brought you?" asked Malachy. "Was it the fairies, or what was it?"

"No one but God and his angels," said Little Dorinn. "Old Matty saw him fall over the cliff, and told me, and I came to see if by God's mercy he was alive, or to watch beside him if he was dead, till other watchers came. Oh! Malachy, I thought the morning would never come; but sure it was God put it into your heart to find us out, for you'll go and bring us help, won't you?"

"I came to look what the Fenians were doing," said Malachy, "and I was roaming about, wondering what had become of them, when I saw you going up the rocks. At first I was afraid to follow you, for I thought it was your fetch, but something seemed to draw me on, and I came up after you, bit by bit, till I saw you get down into the Phooka's Footstep. Then I got an ivy leaf and played all the tunes I could remember, for I thought if it was really you, you'd hear me and call to me; but you didn't seem to take any notice."

"Oh, Malachy, was it you played that mournful music?" said Little Dorinn. "Sure I heard it well enough, but I thought it was the angels. Oh! why didn't you speak to me at first?"

"Because I didn't know it was yourself," said Malachy. "I thought it must be a spirit of some kind or other. And the tunes weren't a bit mournful, you only thought so. They were the merriest tunes I have, for I played them to keep up my courage. But for all that I was afraid to come near you, till I heard the blackcock whistling to waken up his mate, and then I knew it was morning."

"Oh, thank God you spoke at last!" said Little Dorinn. "But won't you go now, and bring some of the neighbours to get him off

these terrible rocks? And oh, Malachy, dear," she cried, her agony of impatience at the boy's delay overcoming her fear of irritating his wayward temper by her urgency, and thus hindering instead of hastening his departure, "for the love of God make haste! Maybe his life or death depends upon your speed."

"Never fear!" said Malachy, "I'll run like a hare once I'm off. I'll go straight to Mr. Frank and tell him. He and Miss Katharine came home last night; and he's the only one that'll know how to get him safe down. But where did the Fenians go?"

"Matty said they went farther up the mountains, because it was cried out that Mr. Frank was bringing a regiment of soldiers into the glen. They're gone, any way, and sure we needn't think of them at all till we get Maurice safe out of this," said Little Dorinn.

"The soldiers will be down on them tomorrow," said Malachy, "and I hope they'll shoot them every one like mad dogs for wanting to murder Mr. Frank, and for murdering Maurice Byrne. But don't look like that!" he exclaimed, suddenly moved by the white anguish of Little Dorinn's face and the wild fear in her eyes, "sure he's alive after all, and when Mr. Frank gets him down to Dunran, he'll make him well in no time. And now I'm going, and I'll run every step of the way, and never stop to draw my breath!"

The next moment he was climbing the edge of the Phooka's Footstep, and Little Dorinn was left to her lonely watch again.

Though he had lingered till his curiosity was gratified, Malachy made up for lost time by descending the rocks with a rapidity which even he had never equalled before, and when he got down to more level ground he kept up his swiftest pace till he reached Dunran.

The shutters were all closed, and the doors fastened; no one was up in the house. But Malachy did not wait to rouse the sleeping servants. Climbing into a verandah which ran along part of the house, and on which he



knew the window of Frank's bedroom opened, he put an ivy leaf to his lips and played "Shule, shule, shule, agra!" in shrill, long-drawn, thrilling notes, that wandered round and round the house, finding entrance through every crack and cranny in the building. The wild, piercing sounds quickly had the effect he desired; the window opened, and Frank Wingfield called out to know what he was doing there at such an extraordinary hour.

"Maurice Byrne is murdered in the glen, Mr. Frank," cried Malachy boldly, well assured that he needed no other excuse than the tidings he brought; "and if you don't come down to him at once, he'll be dead."

"Maurice Byrne—murdered!" exclaimed Frank. "Go round to my dressing-room window, and I will let you in."

"Tell me everything; quickly!" Frank said, as he opened the window, and Malachy sprang into the room.

As if the responsibility thrown upon him had suddenly steadied and sobered his intellect, the boy told his story briefly and clearly; relating, in as few words as possible, Maurice's refusal to put Frank out of the way of the Fenians, and his fall into the Phooka's Footstep, where he lay now, wounded and insensible, watched over by Little Dorinn.

"Rouse up the servants!" said Frank; "we must have a hammock and ropes to get him down the rocks. Tell Jackson and the other men to make haste: I will be with them in a minute. Dear Katharine," he added, turning to his young wife, who had followed him into the dressing-room, "have a room and bed prepared, and send for Dr. Daly. I hope we may be able to save him yet."

"Oh, I hope so," said Katharine, the cold blue light of the dawn mingling with the fading lamplight, and falling on her raven hair and sweet, pale face, as she stood wrapped in her white dressing-gown looking anxiously up at her husband; "but, Frank, you must not go. Jackson will know how to

do everything you tell him, and it would be madness to risk your life among the Fenians after the warning you have received, especially in such a place as the glen."

"Dear Katharine," said Frank, "could I send the men where I would not go myself?"

"They would be in no danger," said Katharine.

"There will be no danger for any of us," said Frank; "but even if there were, would you have me so base a coward as not to risk my life for one who has perhaps sacrificed his for me?"

"No—oh, no!" said poor Katharine, trying to speak firmly, but throwing her arms round Frank, and clinging to him as she spoke.

"That's my brave girl!" said Frank, clasping her to his heart. "Think of poor Maurice lying on those rocks insensible all night; think of Little Dorinn watching beside him—how in the world the girl got there is more than I can conceive. Imagine, my Katharine, what you would have felt if I had been in Maurice's place and you in Little Dorinn's, and then you will no longer even wish me to stay."

"No—oh, no!" said Katharine; "you must go. But you will not be careless and reckless; you will be prudent and cautious. Oh, promise me that you will!"

"I can honestly promise you that, my Katharine. Life is far too sweet to me to be recklessly thrown away. I will come back safe to you, never fear; but you must not expect me too soon, for we shall have to bring the poor fellow very slowly. Now, kiss me; goodbye, my own love, and bid me God speed!"

This married pair were lovers still, and would be all their lives, for between them there was that complete and spontaneous sympathy so rarely found on earth, but which alone can make a perfect union:

"Heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind."

The last hour of her watch seemed longer

to Little Dorinn than all the rest of the night had been, as she sat in the gathering dawn, with its pale shadows and glimmering lights, gazing on her lover's deathlike face, and listening for the first sound of the coming help. But her faith and hope, born of her great love, still sustained her courage, and held despair at bay. At last deliverance came; at last Frank Wingfield, with Malachy Bride and several men carrying hammocks, cushions, and shawls, appeared on the edge of the hollow; and in another minute or two Frank was beside her, bending anxiously over Maurice, and holding his hand.

"He's alive, sir," said Little Dorinn, looking at him with quiet eyes, and speaking in a quiet voice, almost like the voice and eyes of one from the spirit-world.

"Yes, my brave girl, he is alive," said Frank, "thanks to you. Now we must move him into one of the hammocks, and get him down the rocks as easily as we can."

"Oh, Mr. Frank, touch him gently! Take care they don't hurt him," said Little Dorinn.

"Don't be afraid, dear child, we'll be very gentle," said Frank tenderly, for he was deeply touched by her bravery and devotion; "we'll soon have him at Dunran, where everything will be ready to make him comfortable, and Dr. Daly will be there to meet him."

Little Dorinn trembled very much as Frank, assisted by the men, took him out of her arms and placed him on the pillows in the hammock; then with some difficulty (for she was stiff and sore from supporting Maurice's weight, and sitting in one constrained position for so many hours) she rose, and stood ready to follow.

"I have brought a hammock for you, too," said Frank; "you must not attempt to walk—you are not able."

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Little Dorinn, eagerly, "I can walk; I must walk. Don't try to hinder me, Mr. Frank," she added beseechingly; "I'm well able; I'm able for anything!"

"Poor child, how you tremble!" said

Frank. "You shall do as you like; but you must let Malachy stay with you and help you down the rocks. It is a mystery to me how you ever got up them in safety—at night too! Come here, Malachy, and take care of Little Dorinn."

Under Frank's careful and skilful guidance, Maurice was got safely down to the glen, after which the road was easy enough. Two or three times on the way Maurice stopped the hammock, that Little Dorinn, who with Malachy walked close behind, might smooth his pillows, and give him some drops of a cordial which Miss Dicy had sent. The rosy light of a lovely summer's morning filled the sky as the little procession crossed the fields, and, following a path that ran under Dunran rock, came through the pleasure ground, glowing with June roses, to the house. Katharine, who, it need not be said, had been anxiously watching for them, met them at the door, while Dr. Wingfield, Miss Dicy, Dr. Daly, and every servant in the house, were waiting in the hall.

Maurice was at once placed in the bed that had been prepared for him, and Frank stayed beside him while Dr. Daly examined his injuries. Every one was so much occupied and absorbed in attending to Maurice, that for the moment Little Dorinn was forgotten, and she stood unnoticed in the hall—every nerve quivering with fear and anxiety—waiting, yet dreading, to hear the doctor's verdict.

But it was not long till a kind arm was placed gently round her and a sweet voice said softly, "Dear Little Dorinn, how much you must have suffered!"

"Oh, no, my lady," said Little Dorinn; "only—do you think he'll ever get well?"

"Yes, dear, I think he will," said Katharine; "Mr. Frank thinks you have saved him."

"Not me, my lady; it was God did it all—if he *is* saved," said Little Dorinn, clasping her hands, and pressing them against her throbbing heart.

"I hope and trust he is," said Katharine.

"His poor mother, my lady," said Little Dorinn; "could any one be sent to tell her? I'd go myself only I want to hear what the doctor says: it's only for that I'm waiting," she added, looking timidly at Katharine.

"I would not allow you to go," said Katharine; "you must stay here. I have sent for Mrs. Byrne, and I expect her every moment."

"Oh, my lady, I hope she won't hear it too sudden," said Little Dorinn; "it's dreadful to have such a blow come on you unawares!" and she shuddered.

"I thought of that," said Katharine; "no one will tell her till I see her. And now you must come with me, and rest and take some breakfast, or you will be ill."

"Thank you kindly, my lady, but I couldn't eat or drink, and I'd rather stay here if you'll let me," said Little Dorinn; and Katharine saw that her eyes were fixed on the door at the end of the hall through which Maurice had been carried.

"At least you must sit down," said Katharine, placing a chair beside her.

"I think I'm easier standing, my lady—I couldn't sit down—not till I hear—" She stopped, and again her gaze was rivetted on the closed door.

The next moment it opened, and Frank came out quickly. "I bring good news," he said. "Dr. Daly has very little doubt that Maurice will be as well as ever he was in a few weeks."

"Oh, Frank, she can't bear it!" cried Katharine. "See how she trembles and gasps for breath. She is fainting."

Yes, Katharine was right. The strained senses and faculties which had remained so vivid and active through all the pains and grief she had borne in the night gave way now, and slipping from Katharine's supporting arm, Little Dorinn fell to the floor.

Raising her very tenderly, Frank carried her into the breakfast-room and laid her on a sofa, while Katharine brought some water,

and Miss Dicy hastened for hartshorn and smelling-salts.

"Poor thing! how white and worn she looks!" said Katharine compassionately, as with gentle touch she put back Little Dorinn's golden-brown tresses.

"Yes," said Frank, "she is only the shadow of what she was before Maurice went away; but I hope he will give up his Fenianism now, and repay Little Dorinn for all she has suffered."

"She is repaid already in having saved his life," said Katharine. "But there—she is opening her eyes. She will soon be better."

"Give her some wine, and make her lie quiet," said Frank. "I will send Malachy to tell her grandfather where she is, and to see that the old man does not want anything."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

THERE is not much more to add to my story. Maurice Byrne, nursed by his mother, and watched and tended at Dunran as carefully as Frank himself could have been, recovered rapidly, and in a month was almost quite well. In the meantime Dr. Wingfield and Frank, with Captain Mansell and other gentlemen of influence, whose interest in young Byrne's case had been excited, obtained his pardon from the Government; Maurice faithfully engaging to be henceforth a peaceful and loyal subject of the Queen.

The detachment of soldiers for which Frank had applied, but which had been detained by the usual official delays, did not arrive till they were no longer needed. Maurice's Fenian comrades, tired of hunger and inaction, and disappointed in their hopes of being joined by the men of Wicklow,

became dispirited and unmanageable, and fled to their homes, to wait and watch, as they said, for another and better opportunity to plant the Green above the Red. Their leaders escaped to America, and there joined in that abortive raid on Canada, so signally defeated by the gallant Canadian Volunteers.

One day, soon after Maurice had been allowed to leave his bed, Mrs. Byrne, who, since Maurice had been pronounced out of danger, had had many anxious misgivings about the state of her neglected household, had gone to Roebawn, and, almost for the first time since his illness, he had been left for a little while alone. It was a glorious day in July, and the air came sweet and balmy through the open windows, but its breath seemed rather to fever than refresh Maurice. There were easy-chairs and couches in the pleasant sitting-room to which he had been moved since his convalescence, but he seemed unable to find rest in them; lovely landscapes hung on the walls, but he never once glanced at them; interesting and amusing books, and the latest newspapers, lay on the table, but he did not look at them. He did nothing but move uneasily from window to window; sometimes looking across the brilliant flowers in the parterres below and the grand old trees in the park to the blue hills beyond; sometimes following with longing eyes the path that wound round the rock of Dunran, through the golden gorse and broom that blossomed on the lower slopes and the purple heather that decked the crags above, to the white crystalline cliffs of the summit, glittering in the sunlight. The bandage had been removed from his head, and no scar was visible. His arm was in a sling, and he looked pale and thin, yet there was the aspect of returning health and vigour in his face, and it seemed evident that his feverish restlessness was not caused by physical pain or weakness, but rather by some mental trouble or anxiety.

"Hallo! Maurice," said Frank Wingfield, coming hastily into the room, and laying his hand on Maurice's shoulder, "You look wofully dismal. What's the matter?"

"Oh, not much, Mr. Frank," said Maurice, making an effort to smile.

"Well, but there is something—what is it?"

"Mr. Frank," said Maurice, "you've all been so good to me that I can never half show you how grateful I am—"

"Nonsense, Maurice. I thought Mrs. Wingfield had proved to you that the gratitude ought to be all on the other side—if gratitude is a word that can ever properly be used between two such friends as you and I have always been. If you have anything like the same regard for me that I have for you, you will never speak to me in that way again."

"But just now, when I am going home, I *must*," said Maurice.

"Going home! That you certainly are not till Dr. Daly gives permission. Why should you want to go home? But I need not ask; it is all owing to that provoking Little Dorinn."

"Well, Mr. Frank, isn't it very queer that in spite of all Mrs. Wingfield could do, she wouldn't stay an hour in the same house with me, and has never entered it since to see me, or even to ask how I was?"

"Why should she? We all know she doesn't care what becomes of you. She climbed to the Phooka's Footstep at the risk of her life and watched over you all night, just to show how little she cared about you."

"I don't know, Mr. Frank; you may laugh at me, but she's a brave, tender-hearted girl, and she might do all she did for me, great as it was, and what no other woman in the world would or could have done, and not have forgiven me for the way I treated her. If she had, she wouldn't have stayed away from me all this time."

"Yes, she would, when she knew you

no longer needed her. She showed more love and devotion on that memorable night than any reasonable man ought to expect in a lifetime; but she has too much spirit and self-respect to take the place of your betrothed wife again till you yourself give it to her. How can she tell that you don't intend going off on some other mad expedition as soon as you are able, and leaving her as you did before?"

"That's very true," said Maurice, "and it's that troubles me most. I don't deserve that she ever should trust me again."

"Perhaps not, but I've no doubt she will," said Frank laughing. "Ask her and you'll see."

"That's just what I want to do," said Maurice, with a flash of his old fire, "and what I must do before I'm many hours older. Mr. Frank, I'm well able to go home, if you'll only send me there."

"I'll do no such thing, but if you like I'll take you out for a drive. Dr. Daly told me this morning a drive would do you good."

"Will you take me to see *her*?" asked Maurice.

"Of course I will. I have business at Glenmore, and you know if we go by the upper road, we can drive within a few yards of Little Dorinn's door, so that you will not have far to walk."

"I could walk twice as far," said Maurice.

"You certainly do look better than you did when I came in," said Frank laughing, "and I think, with my help, you'll be able to manage it. Then I will go on to Glenmore, and call for you on my way back; you shall have a good hour to settle your affairs; and if in that time you don't get Little Dorinn's full forgiveness, and her promise to marry you as soon as you are able to go to church, you are not the boy I take you to be."

Maurice seized Frank's hand and wrung it warmly. "And you're the man they wanted me to put a bullet through," he said with deep emotion.

"There wasn't much likelihood of your doing that, old friend!" said Frank, returning Maurice's grasp, "not even for the sake of the Irish Republic! But now I will go and order the phaeton."

One glance at Little Dorinn's loving and welcoming eyes put to flight all Maurice's doubts and fears, and their meeting was one of perfect happiness. Her face, though bright now with her great joy, was pale and wasted with anxiety, and the great agony of grief and fear through which she had passed, but to Maurice it was dearer and lovelier than ever, and his every look and tone showed his passionate and adoring love.

"But why did my darling never once come to see me all those weary weeks?" asked Maurice, as he drew her away from the cabin door, where old Paddy was sitting in placid content, to the bench under the great quicken tree, that he might have her "all to himself."

"Dear Maurice," said Little Dorinn, "I heard every day, night and morning, how you were, and I knew you were getting well, and had your mother and plenty more to take good care of you—and didn't want me."

"But I did want you. I wanted you all day long, and all night I dreamed I was lying on the rocks with you beside me, and felt your warm tears and your sweet kisses on my face. Every morning, I hoped, would bring you, and every night my heart failed me, because you hadn't come. What was it kept my darling away?"

"Oh, Maurice, it was hard to stay away. I could never tell you how hard!" said Little Dorinn, her eyes filling with tears, "but I thought it was right."

And Maurice kissed the tears away, and clasped her to his beating heart.

Then he took the little card-box in which lay the wedding-ring and the brooch he had bought so long ago, and with delight only equalled by Little Dorinn's, tried the ring on her finger, and fastened the brooch on her



dress, "to see if it became her," he said; adding, with a lover's fond flattery, that the jewels of her eyes would shame the finest ornament ever worn by a queen.

"I've got a little ring," said Maurice as he held Little Dorinn's hand in his, and looked with pride at the wedding-ring and its guard on her finger, "made of a bit of straw, that I wear next my heart, and that I wouldn't give for all the rings in the world. It was my only comfort while I was away, for, some how or other, it seemed a pledge to me that, in spite of all my folly, Little Dorinn was my own still. How miserable I was after I found out my mistake I could never tell you, and often when I looked at the little box and the pretty things that were in it, and thought the happy day for which I bought them might never come, I was ready to throw them into the river and myself after them. And it never would have come," he said, softly and tenderly, "only for you, my own true love, my brave darling, only for you! I pray God to make me worthy of all your love and truth!"

"Oh, Maurice, I'm so happy!" said Little Dorinn. "I'm so happy I'm afraid it can't last!"

"If my love can make it last, it will last for ever!" said Maurice.

"What else in the world do I want?" said Little Dorinn.

"Well, Little Dorinn," said Frank Wingfield, as after more than an hour's absence, which seemed scarcely a minute to the lovers, he came up to them as they sat under the quicken tree, "I hope you have been as hard-hearted and unrelenting to Maurice as he deserves; but he looks so happy and triumphant that I'm very much afraid you haven't punished him sufficiently."

"I'm sure, sir, he's been punished more than enough," said Little Dorinn.

"Punished? He's been rewarded. Would he ever have known how much he was loved and what a true heroine his little sweetheart was, if he hadn't tumbled over the cliff? But

I'm determined to make him do penance yet by making him drink the Glorious, Pious and Immortal Memory at the wedding-feast."

"No, Mr. Frank," said Maurice, laughing, "you'll never make me do that. I'm a true Irishman still, and a good Catholic, and the only reason I agreed to give up fighting for Ireland's independence is because I have no hope of success. But that only makes me hate the English Government more than ever. It doesn't make you love your enemy any better to know that he's not only able to knock you down, but strong enough to keep you there."

"England does not want to keep you down," said Frank; "her desire is that you should put your hand in hers in good faith, and stand by her side. Ireland can be far greater as an important part of the British Empire than she ever could be as an independent nation, allowed to exist as such on sufferance, even if she could stand alone under any circumstances, as I don't believe she could."

"Well, perhaps not, if such men as the Fenians were her rulers," said Maurice, with very pardonable bitterness.

"No, certainly not. And that seems to me to prove absolutely that the time for any such revolution in Ireland has gone by. In Ninety-eight all Ireland, Protestant as well as Catholic, was treated with gross and tyrannical injustice, and the leaders of the United Irishmen—Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, the Emmetts, Theobald Wolfe Tone—all their chief men, not forgetting William Michael Byrne and his brother, were noble men and true patriots, who knew the penalty they were incurring for the sake of their country, and paid it bravely when they failed. Again, when the Young Ireland party was formed, the Irish still had wrongs enough remaining to excite their just indignation, and the leaders were honest and disinterested, and not without some excuse. But now Ireland really has nothing to complain of, or if there is still anything that could

reasonably be considered a grievance, the means of redress are as open to Irish Catholics as to English Protestants. There is in truth nothing now to justify a revolution, and, therefore, no one has been found to head the Fenian movement except men without principle or honour, or one spark of genuine patriotism. The selfishness, falseness, and cupidity of the New York leaders are plain to all the world, and your own experience of the Irish leaders has not shown them in any better light. This, of itself, is enough to condemn Fenianism."

"Well, Mr. Frank, I own there is truth in what you say," said Maurice. "I fully intend to consider the subject more thoroughly than I have yet done, and make myself acquainted with all that has been said on both sides of the question."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Frank, "and I don't despair of seeing you take my view of the subject before long. In the meantime, I know Little Dorinn will take care that you don't join the Fenians again."

"Oh, sir, he has given his word that he won't," said Little Dorinn. "Maurice will never break his word."

"I am quite sure he never will," said Frank. "I must go and speak to your grandfather now, and then I will come back for you, Maurice."

"And when is the wedding to be?" asked Frank, as the young men walked down to the carriage, Maurice leaning on Frank's arm.

"As soon as ever I can get my arm out of this sling," said Maurice. "I feel so much stronger since I came out that I don't think it will be long before I can do that."

"I see Little Dorinn is the only doctor you need now," said Frank, laughing. "I

suppose, to let her perfect the cure, I must take you there again to-morrow."

In less than a fortnight Maurice and Little Dorinn were married, Katharine presenting the bride with a complete wedding outfit, and a charming wedding-dress. Dr. Wingfield and Miss Dicy also made her handsome presents, and Frank gave her a valuable emerald and pearl brooch. But though charmed with all her beautiful things, and full of gratitude for the kindness of Maurice's friends, she prized Maurice's little brooch far more than Frank's expensive gift, and, in spite of Mrs. Byrne's half angry, half pleased protest, wore it on her wedding-day.

When the writer last heard of Maurice and Little Dorinn, they were still living at Roebawn, happy and prosperous. Mrs. Byrne declares that she cannot tell whether she loves her son or daughter best, and she has never yet said one hasty or unkind word to old Paddy, who has lived to hold his great-grandson on his knee. Maurice has bought another farm adjoining his old one, and is rapidly gaining a high reputation in his neighbourhood as a skilful and enterprising farmer. In fact he is getting on so well that Mrs. Byrne is confident her grandchildren will restore all the greatness of the clan O'Byrne. Matty the Mouse is a constant and welcome visitor at Roebawn, and still plays tunes on his wonderful stick, to the great delight of little Baby Byrne and his own. Malachy Bride goes to school and learns music, and not only Katharine and Miss Dicy, but Dr. Wingfield, and even Frank, believe that he will yet be a great musician.

THE END.

## CANADA.—A VISITOR'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the land of lake, forest and river,  
 Where joyous I've roamed many bright Summer days :  
 I go from thy shores, but to think of thee ever,—  
 And lands o'er the ocean shall echo thy praise.

I have gazed on the woods no horizon was bounding,  
 Spread out in their beauty—vast, varied and wild ;  
 I have heard the dread fall of thy waters resounding,  
 And joyed in the Maker who owned me His child.

From morning to eve o'er thy lakes I have glided,  
 Where cape vles in beauty with islet and bay ;  
 Down thy rivers and rapids have sped, safely guided  
 Through dangers and glories that marked all their way.

I have mused in the shade of the pine-trees gigantic  
 That seek the high heav'n from low earth where they stand,—  
 And thought how far more than my day-dream romantic  
 Of thee was fulfilled, rare and beautiful land.

Thy forests yield bounteous their long-cherished treasures,  
 And scatter their riches to regions less blest ;  
 Thy lands give to Labour possession's new pleasures,  
 And Industry hails them the home of her rest.

But better than glories of woodland and waters,  
 And better than riches of city or field,  
 Are the brave hearts that beat in thy sons and thy daughters,  
 And the homage to thee, their lov'd country, they yield :

Hearts gen'rous and true, to the stranger outgoing  
 With love's warmest welcome, to place him as friend,  
 Heaven's smile keep Love's fires on thy hearths ever glowing,  
 And bright lights of Thought in rich harmony blend.

May peace be the lot of the children who own thee—  
 Thy statesmen be wise, patriotic and pure—  
 Truth, Virtue, and Freedom the garlands that crown thee,  
 While thy lands sleep 'neath heav'n, and thy waters endure :

While through thy deep forests hoarse Autumn winds bray loud,  
 St. Lawrence his islets of beauty doth lave,  
 Niagara thunders and throws up his spray-cloud,  
 Or queenly Ontario rolls her blue wave.

Farewell, land of rest for the day that is fleeting—  
 Of hope for the Ages that tread at the door ;  
 Soon shall seas west and east on thy frontiers be beating,  
 And the hum of thy peoples from shore reach to shore.

PERTH, SCOTLAND.

R. C.

## SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION IN ONTARIO.

BY J. HOWARD HUNTER, M.A., ST. CATHARINES.

THE Central Administration of our School System has of late been the subject of severe animadversion, and is likely to receive particular scrutiny during the next session of the Legislative Assembly : it may therefore be serviceable to discuss some of the most obvious defects ; to endeavour to trace them to their sources ; and, if possible, to indicate appropriate remedies.

In 1844 Dr. Ryerson was appointed Chief Superintendent of Common Schools ; in 1846 he received the assistance of a Board of Education ; in 1853 this joint jurisdiction was extended so as to include the Grammar Schools, and under this central control the school system still remains, with, however, an exchange of the original titles of office for the more sonorous and rather comprehensive designations of Chief Superintendent of *Education* and Council of Public Instruction. Surely a magnificent arena was here offered for administrative wisdom and capacity. In other civilized countries such mental activity was being exhibited as the world never before witnessed. Our educational autocracy ruled over a people possessed of very unusual intelligence, and eager to emulate foreign progress. Now if, after more than twenty-five of the best years of the nineteenth century, we take stock of our educational position, what is the evidence furnished by the inventory ? We find an unlimited quantity of the finest raw material, and an accumulation of the most expensive plant and machinery. But the appreciable educational results are surprisingly small. That even the Education Office itself acknowledges its failure is sufficiently evidenced by the rolls of Parliament. The number of School Bills which, during the

past five or six years, has been recommended to the Legislature by the Chief Superintendent, is truly wonderful ; but hardly less admirable is the patient consideration with which the House has generally treated these often contradictory and mutually destructive measures. Perhaps, after all, it is *not* singular that the Chief Superintendent should have always ascribed the defects of the school system to local management,—to the imperfections of teachers and school boards,—and that he should never once have found anything susceptible of remedial legislation either in his own Department or in the Educational Council. The disturbance is always least at the centre of motion ; the sailor finds a perfect calm at the very pivot of the tornado. The Legislature probably supposed that the Council of Public Instruction would prove a weighty balance-wheel, serving to counteract the unsteadiness of a personal administration, where the moving spring is often some personal interest. A close reading of the School Law will show that, in almost every instance where the Chief Superintendent has jurisdiction, there the Council has concurrent jurisdiction ; and that in many departments of school administration the authority of the Council is paramount. Even in the management of the Book Depository—over which Dr. Ryerson appears now to assume personal control—the names of all books intended for school libraries ought, before the actual purchase of the books, to be submitted for the approval of the Council. This is plainly intended in the 119th section of the Consolidated Common School Act. The Chief Superintendent himself so interprets the law : for in a letter read to the Council of Public

Instruction on March 11, 1867, and engrossed in the minutes, he says: "One great object for creating the Council was to give additional aid to the Chief Superintendent in managing the Normal and Model Schools, in making general regulations, in *selecting text and library books*," &c. No one can doubt that the evils inseparable from every Government monopoly would have been mitigated had the Council insisted on a close scrutiny of Dr. Ryerson's mercantile operations; yet, on an examination of the Minutes of Council, as laid before Parliament, I cannot find that for many years this important provision of law has been complied with. But neither in this nor in many similar cases—as will be illustrated farther on—has the Council resented the contemptuous indifference of the Education Office. The announcements of the Council now visibly fail to command the attention and respect with which they were once received. I think that this evident decline in public esteem is attributable, partly to the defective constitution and procedure of the body, but partly also to a fallacious educational policy. The constitution of the Council was closely modelled on that of the Irish "National Board of Commissioners;" though the social and educational conditions of Ontario differed as essentially from those of Ireland as the latter differed from those of Russia. Up to the present time the Ministry of the day has held in its hands the appointments to vacancies, and in all but the most recent nominations the choice of new members has been directed towards the representation and conciliation of the various churches. Not only was our Educational Council based on the representation of religious sects; but, unlike the Irish Board, it soon began to acquire an almost exclusively *clerical* complexion. Of the vacancies that occurred during a period of twenty years, but one, if I remember aright, was filled by the selection of a layman; and even here the exception is only apparent, for this appointment was in-

tended to have a special ecclesiastical significance. Experience has not shown that the mildest type of aversion is the *odium theologicum*; or that an Œcumenical Council is the least acrimonious of deliberative bodies. It is to be feared that, in both Ireland and Ontario, the very precaution taken to prevent the alienation of religious sects only hastened the catastrophe. The circumstance that all the members of the Council of Public Instruction are drawn from a single point of the Province is unfavourable to a due regard for local conditions and resources. This has been well exemplified in the official programmes of study, and the time-tables, which were evidently moulded on the routine of some city school, but which have been found utterly inapplicable to those of the public schools that possess only one teacher—that is to say, inapplicable to 3,000 out of 4,000 public schools! It is only by taking the greatest license with these schemes that any useful application of them becomes possible; and then, of course, we are as far as ever from uniformity. The policy of attempting to supersede the administrative ability of each individual teacher by general rescripts of this character is obviously unsound; and the unsoundness of the policy was all the more speedily betrayed by the narrowness and inflexibility of the details.

Passing from the constitution of the Council to its mode of procedure, it is observable that the School Act makes it the first duty of the members to "appoint a chairman" (22 Vic., cap. 64, § 119),—intending undoubtedly thereby, an officer who should preside for such term of years as may be settled by the Council itself. Such, at all events, was the interpretation of the law for twenty-one years. But after the death of Judge Harrison, its second chairman, to whose faithful performance of duty, down to within a few weeks of his death, the Council itself bears record, I can find in the annual lists of members no mention of a regular chairman. Indeed, from the minutes of Council



submitted to Parliament, it is evident that a temporary chairman is, contrary to the purpose of the Statute, selected for each meeting. The Statute also intends that there should be fixed times for regular meetings; and accordingly, in the earlier lists of members, the "days of meeting" are stated as "Tuesdays, at 10 o'clock a. m." In addition to the legal provision for *regular* meetings, which, according to all practice, should assemble at the call of the chairman, permission is given in the Act to the Chief Superintendent to call "special" meetings, "by giving due notice to the other members." But, since the Council has been left headless, there has been no official qualified to convene regular meetings; consequently all the meetings are of the exceptional character described in the Act as "special," and are summoned on, I believe, about two days' notice by the Chief Superintendent. Then, though the Council consists of ten members, and though all are residents of Toronto, the quorum consists of only three members, of whom the Chief Superintendent may, of course, be one. In the period between the 10th of October, 1871, and the 9th of February, 1872, nine meetings of the Council were held. At four of these meetings only three members were present, the Chief Superintendent being, in each case, one of the three; at three meetings, four members were present, and at the remaining two, five were present. Going back to the earlier records, the attendance was at times somewhat better; but, on the other hand, I find that on the 7th of August, 1869, *two* members had the temerity to assume the functions of a quorum; to finally sanction and authorize the only Elementary Arithmetic thenceforward to be permitted in Ontario schools, and thus to impose on teachers a text-book against which they have been protesting ever since! From the certified proceedings of the Council, it is possible to obtain this much information; but the general record much resembles the physique of "one Pinch"—it is

in good truth "a mere anatomy." More arid and sterile annals it would be impossible to compile. No educational policy is enunciated; the most arbitrary edicts are adopted without any allusion to the necessities that were conceived to justify them; and while Parliament itself, in the preambles to its Statutes, deigns to justify itself to posterity, the Council of Public Instruction abrogates the decisions of the Legislature without condescending to tell us anything more in its record than "*It was ordered.*" The written proceedings of the Council exhibit no traces of "notices of motion." And thus not only may a meeting be called at any moment, but business of the utmost consequence may be sprung upon it. The record can never become an accuser, for all individual responsibility is avoided by the impersonality and the colourless complexion of the minutes. The proceedings are not distinguished into resolutions and amendments; consequently the names of mover and seconder are not supplied. If a division ever disturbs the serenity of the Council, it is apparently thought best to forgive and forget it; at all events, no account of the yeas and nays is preserved. The law provides a means of communication between the Council and Parliament in the form of an annual report. It is made the duty (22 Vic., cap. 64, § 119) of this body "to transmit annually, through the Chief Superintendent of Education, to the Governor, to be laid before the Legislature, a true account of the receipts and expenditures of all moneys granted for the establishment and support of the Normal School." It is further provided (§ 120) that, under the regulations of the Council, there shall be expended the Superannuated Teachers' Fund, and the sums appropriated for the maintenance of the Model Schools. An annual report is now undoubtedly presented to Parliament; it is the report, however, not of the Council, as required by law, but of the Chief Superintendent. Opening at random any of these annual documents,

we find Dr. Ryerson's prefatory note, addressed to the Provincial Secretary, to read as follows: "Sir, — I have the honour to transmit herewith, to be laid before His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, *my* report on the Normal, Model, Grammar and Common Schools of Ontario," &c. The expenditure on which the Council is required by law to report, and for which it is legally responsible, appears to be nowhere authenticated by that body; and the minutes of Council clearly indicate that the accounts have never been submitted for its audit, or even its inspection. Where the plain requirements of the Statute have been thus set at naught, it will occasion no surprise to find that in its highest advisory functions—which, though not formally defined in the law, follow by easy inference from its provisions—the Council is completely overlooked. It would strike most persons as an eminently proper course that the Chief Superintendent, before recommending a School Bill to the Legislature, should submit for frank criticism and emendation, his proposed measure to the Council, out of whose deliberations many of its provisions must have originated. The day has gone by when the Legislature would amend the School Law without the amplest discussion; and it is only fair to presume that, if a proposed Bill has received the careful consideration of the Council, it will suffer less at the hands of the Legislature. Dr. Ryerson has, however, I believe, distinctly repudiated the claim of the Council to be regarded as an advisory body on questions of School legislation; and, as a matter of fact, such questions are never submitted for its opinion. The members are, I understand, not even furnished with a copy of the measure recommended to Parliament, and popularly supposed to receive their concurrence; and not unfrequently their first acquaintance with the law, on which will hereafter be based their by-laws or regulations, is made after it has passed the Legislature.

It would be absurd to regard a body so imperfectly organized, and so perfectly dispossessed of its legal functions, as an efficient counterpoise to what Mr. Blake characterized as the "one-man power" of our educational machinery. Reform in this Council, from any interior impulse, is hardly to be anticipated. If any member were to initiate a searching inquiry into an alleged Departmental abuse, he would probably soon become dismayed by the magnitude of the task and the intricacy of the inquiry. He could obtain the necessary meetings of Council only with the concurrence and at the call of the head of the very Department which was being subjected to scrutiny. Even if meetings were granted him, endless obstacles could readily be interposed. The peculiar character of the minutes would exclude all mention of the investigation, until that point had been reached when "*it was ordered.*" He need not expect much support from the presiding member, for what authority can the chairman exert when the chair is at all times "in commission?" Nor will the Council be sensitive to outside opinion. Its proceedings are conducted with profound secrecy—in only exceptional cases can it be immediately known what members were parties to unwise or objectionable measures; and, even if it were known, these members are not dependent on an election for their seats in the Council. The rumbling of popular discontent may be heard from afar; but it is merely thunder in a cloudless sky: it occasions only blank surprise, and it is not followed by the refreshing rain of reform.

Among practical educationists there appears to exist but little variance of opinion as to the amendments required in the constitution and the procedure of the Council of Public Instruction. It seems to be generally conceded that all members, whether appointed or elected, should hold office for short but renewable terms, instead of, as at present, occupying seats at the Council.

table for life. The urgent necessity for an elected representative element was fully recognized by the present Ontario Ministry in their School Bill of last Session; but it is questionable, looking to the great popular interest in the proceedings of the Council, whether this elective element might not with advantage be given still fuller recognition. The payment of the expenses of non-resident members, and the publication of full official reports of the Council's proceedings, are important corollaries flowing from the representative system, and indeed the former was not forgotten in the Premier's School Bill. The reorganized Council should be permitted to commence its administration untrammelled by the precedents and policy of its predecessor. On some most important questions the educational policy of our central executive is undoubtedly fallacious. Within the limits of an article it would be impossible to traverse the large area occupied by the rules and regulations emanating from our educational bureau. From a large mass of material inviting criticism I shall select two topics—the Text-book system and the Depository system. These appendages of our educational system proper were apparently suggested by certain regulations of the Irish National Commissioners; but since their first adoption among us they have undergone special developments for which no precedent can be quoted, and which now render them a peculiar—and in my judgment a most injurious—characteristic of our educational system. Even from the beginning very significant differences existed between the Irish and the Upper Canadian regulations respecting text-books. Brief extracts from the rules of the Irish Commissioners will clearly illustrate this: (a) "The use of the books published by the Commissioners *is not compulsory*; but the titles of all other books which the patrons or managers of schools intend for the ordinary school business are to be notified to the Commissioners, and

none are to be used to which they object." (b) "The Commissioners furnish *gratuitously* to each school a first stock of school books, in proportion to the attendance of children, which is renewed at the end of every three years." (c) "The managers [trustees] of schools have the privilege of selecting their grants of free stock from the whole list of books supplied by the Commissioners, and are at liberty *to choose such of them as they most approve of, and to omit any to which they object*, except in the case of a first free stock, when the Commissioners require that a map of the world and a set each of spelling and arithmetical tablets shall be procured." Now, the defence of the existing text-book system of Ontario has been constantly based on the alleged analogy of the Irish system; but the above extracts conclusively disprove such an allegation. The Commissioners intervene only when books inconsistent with the non-sectarian character of their National Schools are introduced; in other respects the freest choice among standard school books would be permitted. Even where books are accepted by the schools as a donation, the utmost latitude of selection is invited. From the whole tenor of their regulations, the Irish Commissioners have evidently acted upon the wholesome maxim of Horace: "*Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*." An examination of the list, including both the books published by the Commissioners and other books recommended by them, shows the great care taken to avoid all appearance of official dictation to school managers. The Commissioners' own publications included, in addition to the National Readers, with which we are all familiar, five distinct volumes are available for instruction in reading. In other subjects of instruction they were careful to embrace among their "sanctioned" books, treatises occupying the same ground as those published under their own direction. Thus, while publishing the "National Arithmetic," they were careful

to say that "Thomson's Arithmetic" was a very good one; while publishing an English Grammar, they also recommended "Sullivan's Grammar;" and so in each of the other subjects. Such a system is manifestly a very different one from the system which, in Ontario, is alleged to be based on it. To official recommendations of certain text-books there can be no objection, so long as there is perfect freedom on the part of school managers to accept or to reject such recommendations. In Ontario, however, "recommendation" at length passed over into "prescription," though without any corresponding change, or indeed any change whatever, in the *Public School Law*. It may surprise some readers to be told that the *prescribing* of text-books to *Public Schools* has no statutory authority; but such is undoubtedly the case, as is quite evident both from the School Act itself and from certain official correspondence laid before Parliament during its last Session (Sessional Paper No 72). The Consolidated Public School Act (22 Vic., cap. 64) empowers (§ 119) the Council of Public Instruction "to examine, and at its discretion recommend or disapprove of text-books for the use of schools, or books for school libraries;" while in section 98 the Act declares, "It shall be the duty of each County and Circuit Board of Public Instruction (now called County Boards of Examiners), and each such Board is hereby empowered to select, *if deemed expedient*, from a list of text-books recommended or authorized by the Council of Public Instruction, such books as they may think best adapted for use in the Common Schools of the County or Circuit, and to ascertain and recommend the best facilities for procuring such books." There is here a genuine analogy to the Irish system. The Council of Public Instruction is empowered to recommend to Public Schools a *general list* of text-books from which the County Boards may, *if they choose*, single out particular text-books for their dis-

tricts. This for many years continued in Ontario to be not only the law, as it still is, but the practice, as it no longer is. I have now before me a list of books sanctioned by the Council, and issued soon after the passing of the original Act containing the above provisions. This list includes the titles of three distinct treatises on grammar, and five treatises on geography. The following Minutes of Council will clearly illustrate the transition of our text-book system from the optional stage to one of compulsion:

"*Minutes, 9th Jan., 1860.*—The Council of Public Instruction having had submitted to them for approval 'Sangster's National Arithmetic,' has much pleasure in viewing it as an important addition to Canadian school-books; and while they direct its adoption in the Normal and Model Schools, they strongly recommend its use in the Public Schools of Western Canada."

"*Minutes, 31st Dec., 1860.*—The Council having had presented for their approval 'An Elementary Arithmetic in Decimal Currency,' for the use of schools, by J. H. Sangster, Esq., have much pleasure in acceding to the request, and recommend it accordingly."

"*Minutes, 14th March, 1865.*—The letter of Dr. Sangster, laid before the Council at its last meeting, having been under consideration, it was *Ordered*, That his 'Elementary Treatise on Algebra' be approved as a text-book in the Public Schools of U. Canada."

"*Minutes, 1st May, 1865.*—*Ordered*, That the permission to use 'Morse's Geography' in the Grammar and Common Schools be henceforth withdrawn. *Ordered*, That 'Hodgins' Easy Lessons in General Geography' be authorized for use in the Public Schools of U. Canada."

"*Minutes, 5th June, 1865.*—The question of a General Geography for the Public Schools having been under consideration, it was *Ordered*, That 'Lovell's General Geography' be authorized for use in the Grammar and

Common Schools of U. Canada. *Ordered*, That 'Hodgins' History of Canada' be authorized for use in the Public Schools of U. Canada."

"*Minutes*, 31st December, 1867. — The letter of Campbell and Son, submitting the copyright of their Geography was laid before the Council, and it was *Ordered*, That the Chief Superintendent be requested to inform Messrs Campbell and Son that the copyright of 'Mr. Lovell's General Geography and Easy Lessons on General Geography,' had been offered to and accepted by the Council previous to the receipt of the above communication."

In 1860, the Council limited its action to recommending a certain work concurrently with others: in 1867, it had got to the length of "authorizing" one text-book, to the exclusion of all others. One cannot fail to remark, in reading these suggestive Minutes, that this change of policy coincided, in point of time, with the publication of works by officers of the Education Office and Normal School. The author of the Mathematical books above named was at that time a Master in the Normal School; while the author of the Geographical and Historical text-books was both Deputy-Superintendent of Education and Clerk of the Council of Public Instruction. The *Journal of Education* displayed unusual energy in enforcing the decisions of the Council. In the number for June 1865, under the caption "Use of American Geographies not Sanctioned," school authorities are informed that "hereafter it will not be lawful, after the copies now in actual use in any school are worn out, to use either Morse's or any other American Geography in either the Grammar or Common Schools of Upper Canada. A violation of this order, in any case, will subject the school concerned to the loss of its share in the Grammar School Fund, or Legislative School Grant, as the case may be." In his Annual Report for 1866 the Chief Superintendent tells us, that during that

year 601 additional Public Schools adopted "Lovell's General Geography," and with delightful naïveté, he regards this as "a striking illustration of the endorsement by the public of the recommendation of this excellent Geography by the Council of Public Instruction." (P. 8.) "The necessity for uniformity in text-books" was now becoming a favourite dogma with our educational officials. The introduction of a Grammar School Bill into the Legislature in 1865 afforded an opportunity for strengthening the central censorship of text-books, and for the first time we encounter the term "*prescribe*," while the terms applied to Public Schools were, as we have seen, "select," "recommend," "sanction." Lest there should be any misunderstanding as to the application of this formidable implement of censorship, the *Journal of Education* introduced the newly-prescribed list of Grammar School text-books with the following announcement:—"It will be seen that the general principle upon which these text-books have been selected throughout is the excellent and only practicable one, of *leaving no option to the Trustees or Masters in the choice of text-books in particular subjects*." The general proposition implied in this and similar announcements of the Educational Department is by no means universally true; indeed, the supposed necessity for uniform text-books has carried away our educational authorities into most dangerous fallacies. If the text-books are of inferior execution, then the uniform employment of them becomes the very reverse of desirable. In school exercises other than reading, the exact reproduction of the words of an author is generally very far from being either essential or desirable; and in such general subjects the employment of a variety of standard text-books ought not to occasion a competent teacher the least practical difficulty. At all events, in such departments as arithmetic and geography, there can be offered no valid reason whatever for restricting school authorities to a



single text-book. Even in the matter of reading-books, uniformity may easily be purchased too dearly. The National Readers, at the time of their first adoption by the Council, had already become antiquated, and otherwise unsuitable to our schools. The literary selections very inadequately represented the resources of English literature. The historical summaries were so condensed and distorted as frequently to convey very erroneous ideas of the real sequence of events. The condition of the scientific portions may be judged from the circumstance that gas-light was, at the time of their compilation, to use the words of the Fifth Book, "a recent discovery." For more than twenty years the Council of Public Instruction compelled the use of these unsuitable books in our schools; and at the end of that period, Dr. Ryerson, in his pamphlet entitled "The Brown-Campbell Crusade," was still bewailing the abandonment of "this admirable series," after the Irish Commissioners themselves had condemned the Readers, and were undertaking the task of revision. Now, it may well be questioned whether, during these twenty years, the benefit of uniformity was not far outweighed by the general retardation of youthful intelligence and knowledge. The remonstrances of educationists against these books became loud and frequent, and the Council at length addressed itself to the question of a new series of Readers. It decided, perhaps hastily, that no existing Readers would form an appropriate substitute, and determined to officially superintend the publication of a new series. The compilation of the higher Readers, and of the "Companion to the Readers" (Spelling-Book), was even committed to certain members of Council. At the same time stringent copyright regulations were devised, under which was secured the remuneration of authors or editors. Now this was manifestly very delicate ground for persons administering a high educational trust, and unpleasant references to commer-

cial transactions between publishers and certain members of Council soon found their way into newspapers. Mr. Blake's Government at length found itself compelled to address the following letter to the Council (Sessional Papers for 1873, No. 72):—

"PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,  
"Toronto, 8th March, 1872.

"SIR,—I am commanded to acquaint the Council of Public Instruction that it has been represented to the Government that certain late members of the Council were appointed to paid employments in the gift of the Council; and also that certain present and certain late members of the Council have, under the regulations of the Council or otherwise, obtained, or are to obtain, payment from publishers for work done in connexion with the preparation or revision of some of the text-books authorized by the Council, or have received, or are to receive, a pecuniary benefit from the publication.

"I am commanded to enquire of the Council whether any of these representations are true, and if so, to request a detailed statement of the various transactions, with particulars of names, dates and amounts.

"I am further commanded to request that the Council will procure and forward a detailed statement, with like particulars, of the various sums received, under its regulations or otherwise, by authors, editors and others in the public service under the Council of Public Instruction, concerned in the preparation of the text-books authorized by the Council, and a report from the Arbitrator appointed by the Government to act in matters of this kind.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,  
(Signed) "PETER GOW, *Secretary*."

The terms of this letter evidently required the fullest information respecting the commercial relations existing between publishers on the one hand and members of the Educational Council, officers of the Educational Department, and masters of the Normal

School on the other. So long as a Book Depository is maintained under its present conditions, there will exist obvious facilities for maintaining at the public charge a great central agency or depot, for the advertising, the sale and the dispersion of works in which Educational officials are interested; and it is the obvious duty of the Government to exact the very fullest information on the working of the whole machine.

The Council, in a letter dated March 27th, 1872 (Sess. Paper, No. 72), professed to reply to the Provincial Secretary's question, but the reply contains no information whatever as to the relations of publishers to officials of the Educational Department, or (with a single exceptional reference) to masters of the Normal School. As regards the remuneration of members of Council by publishers, one member admits, under his own hand, having received \$1,080 in two sums of \$600 and \$480; two other members—since retired—obtained, one a larger, and another a smaller sum. If I were dealing with individuals rather than with the text-book system, it would be easy for me to show that the information supplied by the above statement of the Council is very incomplete. My purpose, however, is simply to secure a genuine reform of what I regard as great educational abuses, and for my argument the admissions of the Council itself are sufficient. On these admissions the Government of Mr. Blake was certainly justified in issuing the following important Order in Council, dated 8th April, 1872 (Sess. Paper, No. 72):—

"1. The Committee of Council have had under consideration the letter of the Provincial Secretary to the Council of Public Instruction of the 8th of March last, its reply of the 27th of March, and its minutes.

"2. By these documents it appears that the Council, while controlling the authorization, publication, and price of text-books for the schools of Ontario, has made arrangements and regulations under which some of its members have become pecuniarily

interested in the preparation of text-books: and further that, on two occasions, the Council has appointed members to paid employments in its gift.

"3. The Committee, in view of the facts thus disclosed, have read with surprise the following extract from the Chief Superintendent's letter to the Provincial Secretary of the 15th of February last:—'I have also to remark that it has been a principle acted upon from the beginning, that no person should be a member of the Council who was subjected to its authority, or in any way interested in any salaries or allowances it might grant or recommend, or in regulations it might adopt.'

"4. The Committee regret to observe that the members of the Council have in these proceedings violated the fundamental principle referred to by the Chief Superintendent, a principle applicable to all persons in positions of trust, and which forbids them so to act as to create a conflict between their interests and their duty. It is the duty of the Council to see that the work is done by the best men in the best manner, to allow no needless alterations or revisions, and to keep\* down the cost of the books by moderating the charges for preparation and profits of publishers; but when they sanction the paid employment of themselves, becoming judges in their own cause, they prevent impartial judgment, and make it their interest to promote alterations and revisions, to increase the charges for preparation, and to enlarge the profits of the publishers, out of which their own remuneration comes.

"The Committee advise that your Excellency should direct that no members of the Council of Public Instruction be pecuniarily interested in the preparation of any text-book authorized by the Council, or be appointed to any paid employment in its gift."

In the foregoing examination of our text-book system I have not discussed the *quality* of the various works at present authorized. I did not wish to be understood as object-

ing to particular books, for the real objection lies against the *system*, which, by prescribing one book to the exclusion of all others, virtually *prescribes the thoughts and opinions* of the country. This consequence of the system became apparent to many minds when a text-book on Christian Morals was authorized; but the same objection is valid in all other subjects except the mathematical; and in these latter subjects a close restriction of text-books is highly objectionable on other grounds. Like other teachers, I am only too well aware of the great imperfections of many of these authorized text-books. The truth is, that for many years, in educational subjects, our little Republic of Letters has been in the hands of a triumvirate of authors. Works other than those of this triumvirate, Ontario teachers can employ only surreptitiously, and at the risk of a penalty being inflicted by officials whose vigilance is maintained by the sharp spur of personal interest. Enterprising houses in the book trade are only too willing to do their share in making accessible to our youth the ablest and freshest authors of the time; but the edicts of the Council of Public Instruction have, in advance, declared contraband for school purposes all intellectual products not included in their tariff, and book importers have to govern themselves accordingly. Such is the present intolerable condition of things. True intellectual progress is no more promoted by these uniformity Regulations than true religion was in the olden time promoted by the Act of Uniformity. This idea of arraying our youth in an intellectual uniform of strict regulation pattern and colour is quite as fantastic as the Republican Ordinance of 1848, issued to the *Ecole Normale* of Paris, and requiring of the *normaliens* to never appear in public unless trussed with swords and surmounted by three-cocked hats!

Passing now to the Book Depository, we find the same erroneous policy, only in another form of development. Fortunately,

public opinion is pretty well matured on the reform here required, which is none other than the total discontinuance of the Book and Map Department of the Depository. The country has, moreover, the assurance of the Premier from his place in Parliament that the extinction of the Depository will, before next Session, receive the consideration of the Ministry. It may, perhaps, be said that the whole question is one of administration, and that under an improved administration of the Depository it may do good service. This is in one sense true, but in such a sense as would completely alter the character and objects of the Depository, and thus the discussion would be wholly transferred from the merits of the institution as it exists. The Departmental authorities strongly urge the argument that the Depository is greatly resorted to by school authorities in search of books and other requisites. Certainly; and this will continue to be the case so long as the Legislature adds 100 per cent. to the remittance of parties effecting purchases at the Depository. Will the Department, however, be pleased to inform us what proportion of the whole Legislative grant to Mechanics' Institute libraries is annually expended at the Depository? In this case the purchasers, who are almost invariably connected also with the local School Boards, are under no compulsion, and they do not, as a rule, think of purchasing at the Educational Depository. Now, Mechanics' Institute libraries do not exhibit the unwholesome literature against which the Educational Department assures us its intervention alone protects school libraries, and it may be assumed that the men who find their way without paternal guidance in the one case may be safely trusted to do it in the other. The protection of the Educational Department against the "*extortions of book-sellers*" is kind but unnecessary: an examination of the invoices at Mechanics' Institutes would satisfy any one that the average

book-buyer is quite aware of the distinction between buying a single book and buying a large number of books. Taking up at hazard any one of the educational or library catalogues published by our importing houses, and comparing it with an Educational Depository catalogue of the same date, an intending buyer would not require many minutes to decide (the Legislative 100 per cent. being available in each case) against the Depository. According to the official rules for the conduct of school libraries, no books must be admitted that are not included in the Departmental catalogue. Let us open the official catalogue for 1868, the most recent published. In scientific works the record is conspicuously deficient. In history, all the names of eminent contemporary writers are absent. In political economy there is no mention of so established an author as John Stuart Mill. In poetry there is no mention of Shakspeare! Now it is the custom of the Depository, where an author is not in the catalogue, as often happens, or not on the shelves even though in the catalogue, as is still more

frequently the case,—it is the custom, I say, to console the applicant with "*the nearest thing*" to the order. Then would it be unreasonable to inquire what the Educational Department of Ontario regards as "*the nearest thing*" to the works of Shakspeare? This mode of substitution reminds one of the story of the Consul Mummius, who, when sending away from doomed Corinth the choicest pictures and statues of antiquity, compelled the carriers to sign a bond engaging, in the event of the destruction of their freight, that they would replace those masterpieces of Greek art by "*new ones just as good!*" Happily, the general intelligence of our people will sustain the Government in energetic measures for the correction of Educational as well as other abuses. An interested outcry there may, and probably will be; but, to borrow a sentiment from Victor Hugo, *il faut que celui qui défriche un marais se résigne à entendre les grenouilles croasser autour de lui.\**

\* "He that drains a swamp must make up his mind to hear the frogs croak around him."

FAINT HEART.

WHY was I born, ye angels? was it well?  
Ye might have killed me, such a little thing!  
And I had been in Heaven all this while,  
And missed mine heritage of suffering.  
Would it have been a loss? I cannot tell;  
God knows.

Why cry and moan? What matters anything?  
Why vex the quiet air with vain complaints?  
The army of immortals marches on,  
And must not tarry, though one, footsore, faints;  
Would it be better if another stayed?  
God knows.

What if I died? The world is over full;  
Stronger and better souls would come instead.  
Is there no place in Heaven yet for me?  
Must I keep on, with feigned martial tread?  
Live to fear death, and count my sorrow sin?  
God knows.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE incriminated Minister has fallen under the weight of obloquy evolved, mainly by force of his own confession, out of the Pacific Scandal, and his fall has dragged down an Administration against some members of which there was no evidence of complicity, but whose mistaken chivalry in clinging to the soiled robes of their condemned chief more than condoned a great State crime in which they had individually no part. Many of his old supporters went further, and as an additional solace marked their approbation of what their old leader had done by formally electing him anew. They ought to have been spared this act of self-sacrifice. The chivalrous course for Sir John Macdonald, from the first, was the one marked out alike by candour and policy. If, while denying that he had sold the charter, or received a personal bribe, he had admitted what was sure to be proved, that a grave impropriety had been committed, by which his resignation became a necessity, he would have done the best thing for himself and all connected with him. The mistaken chivalry of his followers stands in marked contrast to his own want of self-abnegation, while it throws a dark cloud over their future. Seldom do the moves of faction, even when the last stage of party rashness has been reached, take the actors so directly to the brink of the fatal precipice. In the last stages of the parliamentary agony, the sinking Minister gave proof of but a single quality on which admiration can fix: he was deficient in everything but courage, and the courage that defends State crimes by precedent loses almost every claim to our regard even when directed to legitimate ends. It is a monstrous doctrine, in the mouth of the practical ruler of the country, that if an English

Minister bribed electors in 1832, the Canadian Premier was authorized to utilize the precedent in 1872. No man and no party ever gained by attempting to defend what is indefensible, and in this case the late Minister, as well as his colleagues and supporters, will be heavy losers. This is to be regretted, because it narrows the foundation on which the government of the immediate future must rest, and because an act in itself wrong can never be defended by forbidden weapons without widening the circle of the evil till it embraces an alarmingly wide area.

The Pacific Scandal was prevented from becoming a cause of national humiliation only by the determination of Parliament to perform, with whatever reluctance or regret, a great act of public justice. It must be the desire of all, except those who have been thrown off their judicial balance by seeing in the event little more than a party triumph, that just resentment against the confessed offence should not be mingled with the stock accusations of party by which, all experience proves, it is so easy to create sympathy for a political offender. One of the surest means of elevating a public man of unquestioned ability to a controlling position at the head of the state is to pursue him with personal malignity, to give to his blackest deeds a blacker tinge, to deny him the possession of any redeeming qualities whatever; and if there be resurrection for Sir John Macdonald, it can only be brought about by his enemies pursuing a policy of unrestrained and unmeasured vituperation of which, outside of Parliament, symptoms are not wanting. The sagacity of the authors of such a policy is on the same level with that of blind admirers of the fallen Minister, who, taking the other extreme, see nothing in



the evidence which he furnished against himself but grounds for acquittal and vociferous demonstrations of renewed confidence.

Fortunately, the course of events relieves us from the necessity of criticizing the despatches in which the Governor-General defends the prorogation and the appointment of the Royal Commission, and in writing which he was holding a shield over the head of the accused Minister under the guise of defending his own. These despatches, we are bound to say, are among the least favourable specimens of State papers of the class to which they belong. Lord Dufferin's duty was very simple: he had merely to acquaint his superiors that the question of the prorogation had led to a very natural difference of opinion in Canada, as it might possibly do in England, but that he had not felt at liberty to depart from an arrangement which had been announced to the House of Commons before the adjournment, and on the faith of which many members had entered into engagements that would have rendered it impossible for them to be present on the thirteenth of August; that he had agreed to the appointment of a Royal Commission because it might be useful in eliciting information, and could not interfere with the right of Parliament ultimately to investigate the charges. If, after doing this, he had marked his sense of the gravity of the charges, which in these long despatches he nowhere found room to do, and expressed the hope that they might prove to be unfounded, he would have done all that was necessary. However captivating it may be to a literary man to seize an opportunity for writing a page of cotemporary history, we doubt whether Lord Dufferin sufficiently considered the impossibility of doing so in a rhetorical style without making many questionable statements, while a grave State paper should contain only facts incapable of being questioned.

But the mistake of writing these despatches was not graver than that of laying them before Parliament at the time and

in the manner in which they were laid before it. If it had been necessary to write them—which we do not admit—it was not necessary to put them to the use to which they were put on the opening of Parliament. They were written ostensibly for the information of the Imperial Government; and assuming that to have been the object, they were not necessary as a means of informing the Canadian Parliament. We are forced to the conclusion that Parliament would not then have had them laid before it, unasked, if their contents had not been in fact, under whatever disguise, an elaborate defence of the accused Minister; a defence discursive enough to embrace the smallest gossip, and extensive enough to repel newspaper criticism actual and possible. This is not our idea of what a grave State paper should be; this is not our idea of the way in which rhetorical State papers should be dealt with. The Minister, with more devotion to himself than his master, disclaimed in the face of Parliament the responsibility of the act of the Governor-General by which Parliament became possessed of these papers. The extreme constitutional doctrine that the Governor-General can never do any act of his own motion, can never do anything for which he cannot fall back on the constitutional advice of the Minister, here breaks down, and it breaks down in the wrong place. That the Governor-General, as the organ of communication between the Sovereign and the Parliament of Canada, should regard as sufficient authority the instruction contained in an Imperial despatch to lay that despatch before Parliament, it is not difficult to understand. He is an Imperial officer, and the connecting link between England and Canada. But this is not a despatch in which the Imperial Government desired to make some communication to the Canadian Parliament. It is a despatch from the Governor-General, written, we must assume, for the information of the Imperial Govern-

ment; information for which the Parliament of Canada had not asked, of which it had no need, and of the production of which it certainly gave no signs of approval. The responsibility of the Minister in this case is clear and direct—the disavowal of it unfair to the Governor-General, and wanting in duty to Parliament. The protests with which the disclaimer of responsibility was met must prevent its being taken as a precedent, or the doctrine it embodies being erected into a constitutional maxim.

Before the Session opened, opinion inclined to the belief that the Minister would retain a small majority in the House. As the debate proceeded his chances steadily declined; and when Mr. Donald Smith, of Manitoba, and Mr. Laird, of Prince Edward Island, took their places in the ranks of the Opposition, every one saw that the game was up, and the Ministry resigned to escape a formal vote of censure moved by Mr. Mackenzie to a paragraph of the proposed address in reply to the Governor-General's speech. "We have to acquaint His Excellency," the motion ran, "that by their course in reference to the investigation of the charges preferred by Mr. Huntington in his place in this House, and under the facts disclosed in the evidence laid before us, His Excellency's advisers have merited the severe censure of this House." This was met by a counter-amendment, moved by a supporter of the Ministry, making a general charge of corrupt expenditure on elections; deploring the fact as alleged, without proof; and expressing confidence in the Government. The policy of the Government throughout was to strike back, but in the random hitting nearly every blow missed the mark. Electoral corruption is not confined to one party; but if, on the plea that all are alike bad, proved guilt should escape unpunished, thenceforth a practice which everybody condemns would attain its utmost development, from the immunity accorded to it by

Parliament under the mockery of simulated regret. Nor was the question confined to corrupt expenditure on elections; grave as this offence is, it is dwarfed beside the spectacle of a Minister extorting from a public contractor the means of electoral corruption, and constituting himself the agent for its distribution. The amendment to the amendment admitted, inferentially, the improper character of the expenditure in making it a ground of regret; but if in this respect the confession outran the evidence, the gratuitous candour was not without its object: the intention was to provide the Minister a loophole of escape through a general and unproved charge which made everybody guilty of a common offence. This line of tactics was followed up by the defendants on the Treasury benches; but the House refused to be convinced that one man, proved to be guilty, should be acquitted on all the counts because he alleged in defence that others were also guilty of the minor accusation brought against himself.

Of the fallen Minister it must be said that he furnished against himself weapons more powerful than those wielded by the united array of his opponents, while the means used for the perpetuation of his power, and by which he did prolong his lease of power, became in the end the instrument of his destruction. Whatever may be done in secret, the result shows that public opinion is healthy enough and strong enough not to allow proved corruption to go unpunished—a proof of the soundness of the nation, and the great hope of the future. This is the only cause for exultation. It is no cause for rejoicing that a Minister who has practically been the ruler of the country for twenty years should have fallen with his robes besmirched, and a name which is connected with great public services should have to be mentioned otherwise than with honour. There is visible in some quarters a slight undercurrent of sympathy with the late Minister in the hour of

disaster, founded on the appreciative recollection of his long public services ; on the feeling that he may have been as much the victim as the author of the system to which he owes his downfall ; and that among his censors there are probably many who, in his place, would have done no better than he did. If his successors, now or hereafter, should repeat his errors, this feeling would be much strengthened, though it would not go to the extent of excusing acts which admit of no excuse, much less of justification, and on them condemnation would fall with double weight.

At the last moment, and when it had become certain that his majority had melted away, the retiring Minister consummated two of the most important appointments in the gift of the Government, by which Mr. Tilley became Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and Mr. Crawford Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. These appointments, it cannot be denied, ought not to have been made ; for if there was an antecedent promise, dating some months back—as in the case of Mr. Crawford there certainly was—how could the member who had agreed to accept office at the hands of the Government give an independent vote on a question which the Minister himself had treated as equivalent to an impeachment? The impropriety was scarcely less grave in the case of Mr. Tilley, who, as a member of the Government, had a share in his own appointment. A Ministry that has lost the confidence of the House, in consequence of accusations such as were made in this instance, should be regarded as having ceased to be in a position to advise the Governor-General to exercise the appointing power. If it concealed from him its true position, and left him under the impression that it had still a right to count on a parliamentary majority, and the Crown was thereby deceived, the case would become one of extreme gravity, though the legality of the appointments could not, from the peculiar circumstances,

be brought in question. The appointments could not, we take it, be impeached, as they are not during pleasure, but for a definite term of years. Recourse has sometimes been had to the Court of Chancery, where the authority of the Crown has been brought into action by misleading advice or deception, and instruments bearing the Governor-General's signature have been judicially cancelled. But it is more than doubtful whether the present case would come under that rule. At any rate, the new Ministry would be under no obligation to move against these appointments ; and, as they are not personally objectionable, the policy of doing so would be questionable, especially as the new Administration must, in the absence of a general election, depend for existence on the support of a Parliament which, on everything except the Pacific Scandal, has up to this date given a majority to the other side. The tie of sentiment which binds these new supporters of Mr. Mackenzie to old colleagues will become feeble with the growth of new associations and the fading of old memories. But Mr. Mackenzie would have had a stronger motive to allow the two new Lieutenant-Governors to retain their places, even if the appointments had been voidable. It is not his interest to stimulate the growth of that undefined dread, shared by large numbers, of almost untried men, who, after a long course of opposition, come to be judged by the least attractive qualities which may have risen to the surface in the long game of politics in which they were almost uniformly losers. A man must be more than mortal if he can always preserve the golden temper under the irritating influence of constant defeat. The public contrasts his conduct with that of the winners in the game, and he is lucky if he be not credited with more than an ordinary share of unloveable qualities. Any appearance of harshness would tell strongly against the new Government.

In a crisis such as we have just passed through, the actual mode of selecting a Min-

istry affords a temptation to purchase support, by the bestowal of Cabinet offices, which the Minister expectant can hardly ever resist. If the selection of Ministers rested with the House this abuse would cease, but in the absence of this change it will abate nothing of its vigour. The Ministry on trial had, on its side, something to offer to ambition, necessity or cupidity. It disposed of some of the highest offices which ever fall to the gift of the Canadian Government, at the last moment; it bestowed places in the Customs, and was charged—but so far without proof—with having, through the agency of Alderman Heney, attempted, by the coarsest form of direct bribery, to purchase the support of a hostile member. The charge has not been investigated, and Alderman Heney will remain in the nominal custody of the sergeant-at-arms till next session. It would have been desirable that justice should, in this case, have been more speedily administered.

The distribution of offices in the new Cabinet differs a little from the general expectation of what it would be :

Public Works .....	Mr. Alex. Mackenzie.
Minister of Justice.....	M. Antoine Aimé Dorion.
Marine and Fisheries.....	Mr. Albert Jas. Smith.
Agriculture and Statistics...	M. Letellier de St. Just.
Finance.....	Richd. John Cartwright.
Minister of the Interior...	Mr. David Laird.
Secretary of State.....	Mr. David Christie.
Customs .....	Mr. Isaac Burpee.
Postmaster-General .....	Donald A. Macdonald.
Receiver-General .....	Mr. Thos. Coffin.
Inland Revenue .....	M. Telesphore Fournier.
Militia .....	Mr. Wm. Ross.
Without Portfolio .....	Mr. Edward Blake.
“ “ .....	Mr. Richd. Wm. Scott.

From the composition of the Ministry it is evident that the idea of sectional representation in the Cabinet is still regarded by one party as well as the other as a necessity. When the component parts of the nation come to be more firmly knit together, the first object of the framers of Cabinets will be to bring together the best materials available. If a “strict party Government” has not been formed, the supposed incon-

gruities of what is usually assumed to be a mutually hostile coalition, pregnant with internal strife, are not observable. Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Scott, formerly and perhaps now Conservatives, drifted by the force of eccentric influences into the ranks of the other party, and they would have been scarcely conscious of passing the dimly-marked dividing line but for the twinge of the severance of old connections. It is said of Mr. Scott, that in doing so he was incidentally repaying the perfidy of a violation of confidence; and if so, the curse came home to roost on his appearance at the political trial of which the House of Commons was but yesterday the scene. Mr. Cartwright's reputation has not suffered, and will not permanently suffer, from the evil motives to which enemies were, in his case, pleased to attribute the change. Mr. Mackenzie has done wisely not to select any one like M. Jetté, who passes for an advanced Liberal, whatever that may mean when no distinctive principles are avowed, and who defeated the late Sir George Cartier in Montreal, with the aid of the Programme, the Syllabus and the Jesuits. The unfortunate who is drawn into so narrow and tortuous a rapid is almost sure to be driven with violence upon one or other of the opposite banks. The presence of Mr. Blake gives breadth of view where the opposite quality threatened to become the most serious defect. That he is for the moment without a portfolio is of minor consequence; the circumstance is regrettable chiefly, or only, so far as it may be held to imply a modified identification with the Cabinet, through which his services might be of great value to the State, or a disposition to give to his official duties secondary attention. He will probably find it difficult long to be responsible for a policy which he does not take a leading part in framing. It is a mistake to suppose, as Sir John Macdonald did, that there is only one instance, or, as the chief newspaper on the other side alleged when it

undertook to correct the error, that there are only two instances which can be referred to as precedents for a public man having a seat in the Cabinet without a portfolio. To the case of Lord Lansdowne, which was cited by the late Minister, and the case of Lord John Russell, which was mentioned by his corrector, must be added that of the Duke of Wellington. The difference whether a portfolio was held or not held has been treated as one of convenience ; but the precedents, from their limited number, do little more than prove the rule, from which frequent or long deviations are not desirable. The general rule must continue to be, that it is best for the State to pay those who fill the chief offices such salaries as will command the services of the most capable ; services which cannot generally be gratuitously given, and which can never be so given in individual cases without creating an invidious distinction, between paid and unpaid officers of State, which has a tendency to reflect unfairly upon the former.

The policy of the Government, of whomsoever it may be composed, on two great questions of material improvement, is predetermined. Over the time when the canals are to be enlarged there may be some control ; over the enlargement itself, which is subject to a direction in the Act of Confederation, none. The ineffable folly of constructing a great trans-continental railway years before it will be required, or can have the remotest chance of paying, must be consummated, if terms are to be kept with British Columbia to the letter. But it cannot be the true interest even of that Province to anticipate the necessity of an expenditure which nobody estimates at less than a hundred millions of dollars, and which will probably be much more. The election law, looking to the suppression of bribery, which the late Ministry passed, but refused to allow to go into force at the last general election, if now made even more stringent by a further enactment, will drive corruption from its ac-

customed haunts, if it cannot be altogether destroyed.

If six years have proved too short a time for a political party to frame a distinctive policy, it would be much to expect that the feat will be performed in three months. It will be for the new Minister to prove that he is self-sustaining, and does not, as has often been charged widely believed and more widely feared, partake largely of the character of an echo of an irresponsible authority outside of Parliament. If he live down this suspicion, his Administration may long survive the shock of opposition originating in any other source.

Scarcely less important than a change of national administration is the aggressive tendency of the town and city municipalities of Ontario on the subject of taxation. Never have representative institutions been so greatly and so unjustly discredited as by the audacious imposture of irregular political conventions, whose pretensions are often great in proportion as their bias is narrow and their authority small. Nobody accepts as representatives of the several towns and cities of Ontario the half a hundred of municipal councillors, town clerks and assessors who recently met in solemn convention at Toronto, to instruct the Legislature of Ontario in the first principles of taxation. Every element of true representation was wanting. The members were sent, not by the ratepayers by whom the taxes are borne, but by the corporations by which they are spent—by ward politicians who, for the time, have got the upper hand in their several wards. It is a mild description of these conventionists to say that they had no special aptitude for the task they made no scruple about undertaking—settling the general principles of taxation ; and if there had been no grounds for misgiving on the score of qualification, general powers of taxation in no way belong to local corporations. The cry of Tammany is ever for money ; but Tam-



many itself never stretched its pretensions half so far as these conventionists who claim the right to wield general powers of taxation over almost every conceivable form of property ; over all personal property and all real property, with some special exceptions, often of the most arbitrary nature. It was among other strokes of wisdom decreed, that steamboats ought to be taxed for local purposes, wherever found, as if corporations kept in repair the water-ways on which they float ; that churches should be exempt, as if the exemption of the church would not necessarily throw the burthen of the exemption on secular property ; that mortgages should be taxed, as if the making of a mortgage was a new creation of wealth ; the simple fact being that if A. has a property worth five thousand dollars, which he mortgages to B. for three thousand, they are neither of them the richer or the poorer for the transaction, that all the borrower and the lender own between them is the five thousand dollars' worth of land and nothing more. But if both land and mortgage are assessed, the assessment is on a total value of which three-eighths are fictitious. The convention did not know, or refused to recognize, the difference between gross and net incomes, by insisting on the assessment covering the whole amount, without regard to debts or charges by which it is reduced. The advocates of this injustice came together in the name of equal taxation ; they discussed the question in the name of equal taxation ; and to do them justice, they really seem to have imagined that they were advocating equal taxation. Like a tiger that has had a taste of blood, they pounced on bank stock and every other form of capital as lawful prey, and they evidently saw no use in a Legislature but as a tax-authorizing machine, the servant of local assessors, local tax-collectors and local tax-spenders. And accordingly they decided to ask the Legislature to compel the banks to make a return of all shareholders ; to take means to gauge

the value of the personal property of incorporated companies ; to prevent the registration of deeds till they have been handed over to the assessment department ; to punish the neglect of individuals to fill up a schedule, whether the neglect be wilful or accidental, by putting it in the power of the assessor—who may be ignorant, careless or incapable—to put down whatever figure he likes, and by deprivation of the right of appeal. These are sufficient indications that the time has come when men will have to combine to protect themselves against the tyranny of municipal encroachment, as they have had to combine in opposition to other forms of tyranny, whether invented to enforce arbitrary and unjust taxation, or for some other purpose. We are glad this convention has been held, and it is well that it has been betrayed into the wildest extravagances of communism. Some such piece of crowning folly was necessary to direct public attention to the great and growing evil of our times. The habitual apathy in which men of property and intelligence wrap themselves up, on this continent, when Tammany and its myriad of imitators are carrying on their stealthy operations, was scarcely aroused by a tax which confiscated one-third of the average revenue of bank stock ; a tax which fell with greater weight than any which the most oppressive Government ever ventured to extort from the misery of its subjects.

But the iniquities proposed by this convention in the much abused name of equal taxation, of which, in fact, its members had only the most confused and mistaken idea, must arouse public attention to the whole question of municipal government and its growing abuses. There are two points in which the municipal system, as constituted at present, has manifestly broken down : the too wide range of legislative power, of which the municipalities cannot or will not make a good use, and the deplorable inefficiency of an irresponsible executive. The question of public health, for instance, is a general

question, and should be dealt with by the Legislature through a Public Health Act, and the prevention or arresting of an epidemic should not be left to the varying intelligence and other equally accidental qualities of a hundred municipalities in different stages of development. The authority by which the charter of a street railway company is granted should impose the necessary regulations for the security of the lives and persons of the passengers, otherwise, as has just happened in Toronto, the Corporation may refuse to regulate the number of passengers, or to afford them the most necessary protection. If the object of granting a common municipal charter be uniformity of result, the failure is complete. The true rule would be, that with all subjects which admit a general treatment the Legislature should deal. The Provincial Legislatures represent a higher standard of intelligence than is to be found in the municipal councils; they are freer from the influence of rings of ward politicians, they are more directly under the surveillance of the press and the public, and they have ample time to deal with all general questions. There are in the Legislature of Ontario many who have been, and some who are now, county councillors; but when they come to Toronto they will not forget that their duty, in their legislative capacity, is towards the Province, and is not to be contracted to the dimensions of a municipality. When one Legislature had to do the work which is now divided among three, there was some excuse for attempting the experiment of giving large legislative powers to municipal corporations. The experiment has failed, and the necessity has ceased to exist. While the area of the legislative authority should be greatly narrowed, the authority of the executive requires to be strengthened, and it should be exercised under a responsibility which it would be possible to enforce.

The Toronto Convention had for its object to ask for towns and cities discriminating

powers of taxation. The chairman explained that one reason why counties had not been invited to send representatives was, that the Council of the City of Toronto, with whom the movement originated, "felt that the assessment law for cities, towns and villages should be entirely separate and distinct from that of counties." While the Parliament of Canada is prohibited from levying discriminating duties of customs, the town, city and village municipalities of Ontario claim the right to exercise discriminating powers of general taxation, for the narrowest local objects, as between themselves and the county councils. The latter, we imagine, will not be very proud of the distinction accorded to them, of good-naturedly allowing to escape taxation a multitude of objects on which towns, cities and villages wish to fasten with leech-like tenacity; and the opposition which is challenged by this discrimination should alone be fatal to the designs of the convention. But it would not be safe to trust to this, for the counties might become consenting parties on condition of being made sharers in the spoils. If the representatives of the immense aggregation of interests at which this menace is directed fail to rouse themselves, they may awake to find the hand of Tammany on their throats, while the tax-gatherer rifles their pockets on pretexts which, if more specious, are, in a moral and economical point of view, scarcely more tenable than any by which a footpad might defend his vocation.

Startling as this may seem, it is but too easy of proof. The only pretext urged at the convention for taxing bank stock was, that cities and towns throw over it the shield of police protection. We are touching ground at last; we have at last got something in the shape of a reason; we are told that, in exchange for police protection, the bank stock confiscation tax is levied. What does this protection amount to? What does it consist of? Is it an imaginary general and indirect protection, or a special and

direct protection? The former must be ruled out as an imposture—the latter is almost non-existent. The only visible thing, in connection with bank stock, that requires protection, is the bank building and its contents; and it becomes a simple question of fact whether a special police service is detailed for its protection. Has each bank a single policeman specially detailed for its protection? We believe that this question cannot be answered in the affirmative; and even if it could, it would not be a reason why one and a half per cent. should be levied on millions of dollars of stock. The police protection afforded to a bank amounts to just as much as the police protection of the nearest warehouse, and not half as much as that expended on the meanest and the noisiest tavern. The case breaks down, as we were certain it would, on the first attempt to make it stand on all-fours.

The revenue derived from tavern licenses and police fines goes far to meet the expense of the police force; and as the first two are the natural correlative of the last, only the deficiency between the receipts and the payments can be sought elsewhere. Part of the expense of the police protection being provided in this way, the whole of it cannot be thrown on other shoulders, much less can it be made a pretext for levying on a special interest an amount grotesquely disproportionate to the protection accorded to it.

The qualification of the convention to pronounce a definite opinion on a thousand intricate questions of taxation, may be judged by the tone of implicit confidence with which it assumed that wherever a tax is laid there it will stick. In taxing mortgages, only one member expressed a doubt whether they would be taxing the mortgagee, or whether the burthen would not, in an indirect way, fall on the mortgagor. By taxing existing mortgages, the mortgagees would undoubtedly be reached; but, where the competition is among borrowers and not among lenders, as it is in Canada, the tax levied on future

mortgages would fall on the borrower, whom the convention would compel to stagger under the weight of a double tax—the land tax and the mortgage tax, a tax on his property and a tax on his necessities.

One of the reasons given in favour of taxing all kinds of personal property was, that, during the panic of 1857, real estate became unsaleable. But the disasters of that crisis were not confined to land: they were felt throughout the whole range of commerce and industry. The land speculators were of all others the class that least deserved sympathy. They were trafficking in a commodity of which there was a superabundance, and had relied only on a speculative demand. When speculation outran reason and probability, when all had become sellers, and buyers had yet to be born or to immigrate, the bubble burst. That is, in brief, the history of the land panic of 1857; and whatever be the lesson it teaches, the lesson certainly is not that all personal property ought to be subject to a local tax, from the expenditure of which it derives no benefit. But if no force of reason could move the convention, no difficulty could appal it; not even that of deciding between two statements, one given to the assessor, and one printed for another purpose, which respectively fixed the capital of a trading firm at amounts as wide apart as sixty thousand and two millions of dollars. The labours of the convention, such as they are, are not unworthy the attention of the Legislature, though its suggestions, far from being rules to be followed, are valuable only as errors to be avoided.

Seldom has the conquest of science over nature been better illustrated than in the successful completion of the Intercolonial Bridge which, spanning the Niagara between Fort Erie and Black Rock, forms a new link of commercial connection between Canada and the United States. The theory that man becomes awe-stricken and superstitious in

the presence of gigantic Nature, which he is unable to subdue, must soon crumble away for want of a solid foundation of fact. Rivers are no longer too wide or too rapid to be bridged, and when mountains are too high to be scaled, a road is found through them. The International Bridge and the Hoosac Tunnel are examples of the two kinds of conquests achieved by engineering science. To the difficulty of building a bridge over a river in which one of the piers would have to be sunk in fifty feet of water, having a current of five and a half miles an hour, was added the problem whether piers could be constructed capable of resisting the weight of ice-pressure that would sweep down upon them from Lake Erie. On the latter point strong doubts were expressed; though they were never shared by Mr. C. S. Gzowski, who, besides being one of the contractors, in connection with the Hon. D. L. Macpherson, is eminent as an engineer; and the grounds on which they were based have been cut away by the test of three winters, one or two of them exceptionally severe, during which three of the piers have stood the shock without injury. The length of the bridge is 3,651  $\frac{1}{2}$  feet, with spans varying from 197 to 248 feet. A drawbridge in the centre, with two openings of 160 feet on each side of the pivot pier, can be opened by steam-power in less than a minute. It being impracticable to use coffer-dams in the construction, floating caissons were substituted. In a work of a magnitude and difficulty to tax the keenest skill, casualties were sure to occur, and some accidents did take place in putting the caissons into position; but the courage and perseverance of the contractors were superior to all obstacles. The total cost of the work, the whole of which is reported by capable judges to be of the best character, is about a million and a half of dollars, including interest on capital during construction.

So signal a triumph of engineering skill is better deserving of recognition than many

other kinds of public service for which Imperial honours have often been bestowed. The designers and the builders need desire no better monument than their own work. Much will be gained if the successful construction of this great and difficult work should direct attention to the necessity of providing greater facilities for the education of engineers in a country where there will be increasing need for their services, and lead to some practical action looking to that end. It would be vain to hope for any such service from the College of Technology, the higher scientific education being manifestly beyond its sphere. If any such thing was ever expected of it, the expectation was illusory. What is wanted is the creation of a new scientific department in our national university, under a distinct direction. It need not, and would not, interfere with the Presidency of Dr. McCaul, or other existing arrangements. The need of additional provision for scientific education is apparent in several directions. For want of capable mining engineers, millions have been wasted in experiments which would otherwise never have been made, and the same blunders, not always free from fraud, are being repeated every day. The more speculative a thing is, the greater are its attractions for minds excited by the hope of drawing prizes in a grand lottery. Rightly understood, there would probably often be no speculation at all; only delusive hope without any rational basis. Plans of impossible improvement in navigation have, before now, been thrust upon the Government, and experimentally accepted at ruinous cost, as the once boasted but long since abandoned Trent improvement attests; and we venture to say that any Government engineer who has seen much service will be ready to admit that his whole life has been a struggle against wild, useless and ruinous projects. The Ontario Government could render a real and permanent service to the country by taking some practical step towards pro-

viding the means of a superior scientific education.

The organ of the commercial classes of the United States, the National Board of Trade, at its recent meeting in Chicago indicated its desire to see a new Reciprocity Treaty with Canada negotiated. The executive committee was instructed to prepare a Bill authorizing Congress to appoint a Commission to act in concert with the State Department in negotiating a treaty. As the old treaty was put an end to by the action of Congress, the Board properly recognised the necessity of the question being first reopened by the United States, and it wisely avoided anything more than the most general expression of opinion; insisting only that, as part of the arrangement, the Canadian Canals should be open to Americans on the same terms as to Canadians. Whenever the Washington authorities express their desire to enter on the negotiation, Canada will be prepared to meet them on fair and equal terms. Any attempt to compile a schedule of articles for reciprocal exchange free from duty that should go beyond raw produce would have but little chance of success, and the difficulty of the negotiation would turn on this point. It is the policy of nations which have carried furthest the principles of economic science into the practice of legislation, to make raw materials free, whether they serve as food or enter into manufactures. The difficulty is that the United States have not yet fully recognized that principle; and as they would buy more from us than we should buy from them under a rule which excluded manufactures from the list, their current notions of economy would lead them erroneously to suppose that they would be losers by any arrangement under which such a result was not only possible but certain. But they should remember that were it possible for us, which it is not, to discriminate by treaty or legislation against British

productions, the mutually free exchange of manufactures would not now open to the United States the same market as they might reasonably have expected to find ten years ago. The country which could produce manufactured goods at the lowest rate would become the manufacturing country, and Canada would be that country unless the general scale of prices in the Republic undergo a very large decline. The depression of many kinds of industry there is sending here large numbers of skilled workmen, and if we had command of the United States market we should soon be able to send them more manufactured goods than we should receive from them. If, as was frequently complained, the old treaty was one-sided, in being confined to raw material, the altered circumstances of the two countries have removed that objection, and a new treaty on nearly the old basis would be more equitable than it would have been at any previous time. Whether it would be acceptable to the United States is not so certain.

Life is still appraised at a low figure by New York juries. The murderer of James Fisk, condemned to be hanged on the first trial, gets off with four years' imprisonment on the second. The second jury found that shooting, without immediate provocation, a citizen on a hotel staircase at mid-day is only a mitigated form of manslaughter barely distinguishable from justifiable homicide. There is reason to believe that the jurors were tampered with. During the long trial they were allowed to go about the city, under surveillance of officers of the Court. In a low drinking saloon, which the police officer had improperly, and contrary to express orders, allowed one of the jurors, James Delos Center, to enter, the latter carried on a conversation in whispers with one Clark, by whom the officer was told that he could make two thousand dollars for his share. The juror spoke in disparaging terms of Judge Davis and the district attorney, and told the



officer that he might bet his last dollar that a verdict of murder in the first degree would not be returned. These facts being sworn to since the trial, the juror was condemned to thirty days' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$250 for contempt of Court. Meanwhile Stokes enjoys the benefit of the mitigated verdict which Clark seems to have been employed to procure; and it looks as if resort to the same means were making his confinement in Sing Sing a merely nominal imprisonment, for on the plea of ill-health, which a section of the press, and that the best informed, proclaims a sham, he has been allowed comfortable quarters in the hospital, and other congenial but forbidden indulgences. While corruption remains so potent and all-pervading, human life will be correspondingly cheap in the great commercial metropolis.

The conviction of Tweed comes as a fleck of dawn across the darkness. A sentence of twelve years imprisonment, passed on a man of sixty-six, is equal to confinement for life. This sentence, with the addition of a fine of \$12,750, is more than merited by the magnitude of his crimes, by which one million two hundred thousand dollars were abstracted from the coffers of the county and added to his private fortune. As member of the Board of Audit, for auditing the county liabilities, Tweed purposely neglected his duty that he might employ others to magnify real into fictitious accounts, by the addition of enormous sums, and to manufacture others out of nothing. Keyser, who was set down as having received over four hundred thousand dollars, got no part of the money. The proceeds of both classes of accounts passed first to Woodward, and then twenty-five per cent to Tweed; an equal division being presumably made among the four confederates, three commissioners of the Board of Audit and their outside 'pal.' It is an encouraging sign that a jury was found to convict a man with unlimited means of corruption at hand,

and no more scruple than Stokes about making use of them. Tammany receives a heavy blow from this conviction; but, if it is to be broken up, the confederates of Tweed must not escape unpunished.

The startling maritime delinquency of which the Spanish war-ship *Tornado* has been guilty, by the capture of the American ship *Virginus*, followed by the massacre of many of the crew at Santiago de Cuba, may have an important bearing on the fortunes of Cuban independence, if not on the stability of the Spanish Government. The *Virginus* sailed from Jamaica with arms, ammunition and men intended to aid the Cubans in their revolt. The passengers appear to have numbered over one hundred, and comprised Cubans, Americans and British subjects. According to some accounts, the *Virginus* was not intended to land her passengers and cargo at Cuba, but to transfer them to a schooner, which she was to meet at sea, to be conveyed there. She allowed herself to be taken without resistance. It is generally assumed that she was captured on the high seas, though doubts have been expressed whether she was not near enough to Jamaica to bring her within the maritime jurisdiction of England. In the latter event, the character of the delinquency would compel England to bear her part in demanding redress, and, if necessary, in administering justice.

Disavowal of the acts of its officers would be, for the Spanish Government, among the easiest means of solution, if immunity could be purchased on such terms; though, if the capture had been made in Cuban waters, that avenue of escape would seem to be closed. In the summer of 1869, General Caballero de Rodas, Captain-General of Cuba, issued a decree threatening with seizure all vessels carrying contraband of war in Cuban waters, and their crews with trial for piracy. The decree was in general terms, without regard to the flag under which such

vessels might sail ; and though it was protested against by Secretary Fish, on behalf of the United States, yet, as it does not appear to have been withdrawn, there is reason to suppose the *Virginus* may have been captured in pursuance of this decree. If so, the disclaimer of an act such as was contemplated four years ago could not be made with dignity, nor accepted without difficulty. But it may prove that the seizure was not made under that decree. Secretary Fish admitted the right of Spain to search American vessels, in virtue of a treaty concluded between the two nations in 1795, in time of war, but in time of war only ; and Spain, according to its own theory, is not at war, for it has never acknowledged the belligerency of Cuba. What extent the Spaniards intended, by the decree of 1869, to give to the waters of Cuba is uncertain ; but the United States Government notified the Government of Spain that it should regard the capture "on the high seas near the Island of Cuba," under colour of the treaty, as equivalent to a recognition of a state of belligerency. The event anticipated has happened, and the United States stands pledged to recognise the Cubans as belligerents, whatever else it may do in demanding redress for the insult to its flag and the murder of its citizens.

If Spain be correctly reported as taking the ground that the question concerns only the administration of her municipal law, she assumes the act to have been committed in waters over which her maritime jurisdiction extends, that she had a right of search, and that the right of capture resulted from evidence which the actual search brought to light. The United States, it may easily be foreseen, will raise an issue on every one of these points ; and if she maintain her ground, it is not difficult to predict what will follow. International justice cannot, in that view, be fully satisfied without demanding the restoration of a vessel illegally captured, and of the remnant of the crew

which survived the butcheries of Santiago de Cuba, with compensation to the heirs of the murdered men. So much seems to be certain. If, in addition to this, the belligerency of Cuba be acknowledged, the acknowledgment would not date back to the time of the capture, and would not give Spain any rights under the treaty of 1795. If General Burriel was acting under orders, and did not assume the exercise of doubtful discretion in the part he took in the executions, he cannot be censured, much less punished, unless he is to be sacrificed for the errors of his superiors.

The first four victims of Spanish ferocity, or Cuban barbarity, as the case may be, had all taken a leading part in the insurrection. Jesus del Sol had taken a prominent part in the struggle for independence from the beginning ; General Ryan, a Canadian by birth and an adventurer by profession, was employed by the Cuban Junta, at New York, as early as 1869, to raise a regiment of cavalry for the Cuban army of independence ; Bernabe Varona, *alias* Rembetta, as the Cuban official description reads, was General of Division ; Don Pedro Cespedes gets from his executioners the title of Commanding General of Cienfuegos, and though his weak constitution had prevented his taking the field, he had done whatever was in his power to aid the cause of Cuban independence, at the head of which his brother stands as President. The selection of these four, at first, as objects of vengeance, points to the conclusion that their execution may have been intended as a punishment for past offences, not particularly connected with the expedition on which they were captured. And the selection of the victims of the next execution was marked by the same characteristics. But as the seizure of the *Virginus* was unjustifiable, the massacre of any of those on board of her, on what pretext soever founded, was an act of savage barbarity.

But while the guilt of Spain does not ad-

mit of question, have the United States always done their whole duty? General Ryan, it is true, was arrested in New York in 1869 for a breach of the neutrality laws; but that did not prevent him, while on bail, entering openly on the business of recruiting. Still the law was so far enforced that his men were captured by the United States marines. Yet expeditions against Cuba do manage to get away from the United States, that of the *Virginius* being among the number, contrary to the duties of neutrality and the laws of the Republic. At several places in New York men have, since the affair of the *Virginius*, been openly booked for new Cuban expeditions. Whatever course it may be the duty of the Washington Government to take in demanding redress, it is equally its duty to prevent the fitting out of filibustering expeditions, of which there has been a long list since Miranda sailed in the *Leander* from New York, in 1806, to attack the authority of Spain in one of its South American provinces. If the *Virginius* had been an English vessel, it would have been the peremptory duty of the authorities of Jamaica to prevent her sailing with the hostile expedition she had on board; and it ought not to be permissible to make that island a rendezvous for illegal expeditions set on foot in the ports of the United States. While we demand justice from Spain, we must be prepared to grant what we exact.

The United States Government is acting with reticence and dignity. Far from echoing popular threats and popular boasts, it contents itself with taking steps to ascertain the exact facts, and putting the ironclads into an effective condition. The legion of interviewers by whom the President is besieged have little to report but that the Chief of the nation finds the navy incapable of coping with that of Spain, that justice will in the end be satisfied, and that to Congress must be left the settlement of the difficulty. Senator Sumner is throwing oil on the troubled waters. He puts the

*Virginius* on a level with the *Alabama*, and asks for "Immediate Emancipation and Justice in Cuba," as the condition on which the American Republic should give a moral support to the Republic of Spain. But this does not go to the bottom of the difficulty. It rests with Spain to make reparation, and this the Government should not show a disposition to withhold. The reactionary forces of Europe will be unable to produce war between the two Republics, if on the one side and the other there be a desire for peace. Even the Cuban sympathizers in American seaports would be silenced by the recognition of independence; but this is what no Government in Spain can afford to concede, except under the most imperative necessity. War with Spain means maritime war, and for this the United States are ill prepared, while the South is sullen, and the financial situation outlook gloomy. The Republican Government of Spain has bid fair to overcome its domestic enemies; but if to Carlists and Intransigentes at home, an insurrection and uncontrollable loyalists, more dangerous than rebels, in Cuba, a foreign war against an enemy so powerful as the United States were added, the whole situation would undergo an immense change, but not a change that would necessarily be fatal to Castelar and the Republic. A foreign war, appearing to have for its object the retention of Cuba, would rouse the national enthusiasm; but the end would be, whoever might hold the reins of government at Madrid, the loss of the island, through its becoming independent, or being annexed to the States. In the end, the nation having the largest resources would win. Spain might have learned from the lessons of the past that the attempt to retain an overgrown colony against its will is to nurture a source of national weakness and embarrassment.

The Conservative reaction in England has met a check, the Bath and Taunton elections having been carried by the Liberals. The

success of Colonel Pease at Hull, though it adds a vote to the Conservative side, was obtained under circumstances which deprive it of all importance as indicating the direction of the popular current. Though the friends of the winning candidate fought with the weapons of superior organization, and were profuse in the use of money, they obtained a majority of only 279 in a constituency of 2 000. Mr. Reed, the Liberal candidate, failed to concentrate the full strength of the party in his favour, and nearly one-third of the electors abstained from voting.

The utterances of Mr. Bright since he re-entered the Cabinet indicate an attempt to turn the wavering support of the left wing of the Liberal party into a more steady and certain allegiance. Mr. Bright's Birmingham speech looks to some reform in the Land laws, at which he only hinted, and to the ultimate disestablishment of the English Church. He was, however, careful to make it known that he spoke only for himself, and was not to be regarded as committing his colleagues. He went further, and in denouncing the denominational character of the School Law, indicated the necessity of a retreat on this point. His main objection is to the clause under which rates are collected from the whole body of ratepayers, and applied to the support of Catholic and Church of England schools. This attack on the School Act is regarded as dealing a blow at Mr. Forster, the author of the measure. But though this may be true, every member of the Ministry must share the responsibility, and Mr. Bright himself should not ask to be relieved, if he continued to be a member of the Government when the obnoxious clause was framed, unless it be quite certain that he was at the time unable to attend to public business. It is not clear whether Mr. Bright intends to advocate disestablishment of the Church of England as a practical measure, or only to speak prophetically of it as a thing sure to follow the

policy that has been carried out in Ireland. For the abolition of purchase in the church, after the precedent afforded by the army, he is evidently prepared; and to this extent he might induce his colleagues to go with him, though some of them would certainly refuse to agree to immediate disestablishment. The London *Quarterly* predicts that "the two great conflicts of the future" will be: "the battle of property and the battle of the Church;" and no doubt it is true, with the reservation that the conflict will not endanger the legitimate rights of property, but only the privileged abuses which cluster around the hereditary succession and possession of large estates. The Church, when it ceases to be the church of the majority, and becomes the church of a decreasing minority, will lose its national character through the change of national sentiment. But the first reform will be to put an end to the scandal of the cure of souls being awarded, through the auctioneer's hammer, to the bearer of the heaviest purse. The invitation given by the *Quarterly* to the right wing of Mr. Gladstone's supporters, to join the Tories in combating the more advanced Liberals, is not likely to be accepted, even though ecclesiastical should go the way of army purchase.

Intelligence from the Ashantee expedition comes through two channels—London and New York. The arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley at the Gold Coast was at first marked by a feat of diplomacy, intended to impress on the natives that the war with the Ashantees was their own war, and that as England was concerned only on account of her allies, they must, as a condition of receiving assistance, show that they were willing to help themselves. This statement of the case has been keenly criticised. The men employed in making the road to Coomassie were paid a shilling a day, and as only one-fourth of that sum was offered for fighting, doubts were expressed whether the natives

would be willing to fight on these terms; though it might have been foreseen that an African savage would vastly prefer executing vengeance on his enemies to enduring the steady toil of road-making. Sir Garnet Wolseley could not have been long in commencing his march towards the seat of Ashantee power; and, according to the accounts received, meeting the enemy on the way, inflicted on him a severe loss in dead and wounded, leaving desolating traces of his passage in the destruction of native villages. Though the mortality among the troops was frightful—the Gold Coast maintaining its bad reputation of being fatal to the European—and the odds of numbers immense, Sir Garnet ventured to harass the rear of forty thousand retreating Ashantees with a mere handful of marines, stated at one hundred. He afterwards took some prisoners. Than the disparity of numbers, vast as it is, there is even a greater danger from bush-fighting, by which forty-seven of the expeditionary force, apparently under Col. Festing, have been killed or wounded. A small number of savages can, by concealing themselves, inflict severe losses, and then escape by flight where they cannot be followed.

If the Comte de Chambord has committed political suicide by virtually telling his admirers, and through them the French nation, that he could only accept the throne on condition of being at full liberty to take his family traditions for his guide, and to recommence the monarchy where Charles X. laid it down, he has but done what an honest man was bound to do. But his open candour is criticised where ill-concealed perfidy would have been commended. A man who thinks it would be the duty of a French sovereign to reconstruct society on the ante-revolution model may not be sagacious enough to know that no one with such ideas of duty could ever come to the French throne, if the nation were prepared to restore the throne on any conditions.

The Comte de Chambord admits that France has not yet come to see that "his principle is every thing," which is only another form of admitting that he and his dynastic traditions are unacceptable to the nation. The efforts of his friends to get the Assembly to vote the Restoration, without an appeal to the electors, was a conspiracy of which the audacity was intensified by the smallness of their numbers, and it is remarkable that they should have been foiled by the frankness of their idol. The Bourbons, elder and younger, with their antipathies arising out of the intrusion of Louis Philippe and their puerile quarrels over their flags, are for the present out of the question, and unless society is to retrograde they will be allowed to spend their lives in complete relief from the cankering cares of supreme government.

If the Comte de Chambord had not ruined his own chances, and put his candidature out of the question, it is not at all certain that a vote in his favour could not have been obtained from the Assembly. The influence of the *salon* favoured the Bourbon restoration; and ladies who, by connection and supposed opinion, were set down as Republican, were captivated by the thought of the figure they might make in the Court of Henry V., where they might be able to avenge the unpardonable social pre-eminence of the wife of President McMahon. The Republicans, even after the failure of the Legitimist plot, had no leader on whom they were united to put forward as President. Gambetta could think of nothing better than falling back on Thiers; others, who thought the crisis was one demanding "a man of action," sounded both General Chanzy and General Billot in turn, only to get refusals from both and a rebuff from one. The proposal to prolong McMahon's term of power for seven years, wherever it originated, was soon found to have the support of the Right and of the Government, and the latter resigned when the vote was carried, in accordance with a



previous understanding. The committee that reported in favour of the prolongation threatened wavering Conservatives with a dissolution of the Assembly, in which event it was believed an immense majority of Republicans would be returned, unless they would give their assistance to consolidate the Republic, which they themselves were anxious to overthrow. The moderate section of the Left first showed their dissatisfaction, and then sullenly acquiesced. McMahon's conduct, in wishing the prolongation to be voted before the Constitutional Acts were passed, was not above suspicion; and when he told the Assembly, through the Duc de Broglie, that he would use his power in favour of Conservative ideas, he threw off all disguise with nearly the same frankness the Comte de Chambord had shown. When he told the Assembly he wanted to be armed with additional powers "to discourage faction," to curb the press, and to restrain the municipalities, he betrayed a design to make war on the Republic. The demand for a *plébiscite*, the old instrument of Imperial ambition, came in as a disturbing influence, with the object of prolonging the present provisional and uncertain state of things; for while there was no definite action by the Assembly, of which the decision was so uncertain that, a few days before, it was about an even chance whether it would restore the elder Bourbons or continue the Republic, every intrigue would find advocates, and every plot gather conspirators around it. Though it would be unwise of France to subject itself to the disturbing influence of a periodical popular election of the head of the executive, the prolongation of McMahon's term for seven years is an usurpation of power, looking to the establishment of a military dictatorship. The Assembly is itself incomplete, and votes are carried by majorities less than the number of unrepresented constituencies. The Royalists have not elected their king, but they have gained a victory in direct opposi-

tion to the national sentiment. The Constitutional Acts will now be carried under their guidance; the rigorous laws of the second empire will be supplemented by additions to the executive power, arbitrary in their nature. The system of repression will be supported by the army till the army revolts, or a new revolution breaks out. The Royalists commenced their intrigues for the restoration by promising the Assembly that the Comte de Chambord would give all requisite guarantees for the preservation of public liberty; and from the moment his own words belied their promises his chances were at an end. The Assembly, feeble as are its pretences to represent the nation, dare not accept him as king. Marshal McMahon promises to put down the "factions," as he calls the Republicans, to muzzle the press, to lay the heavy hand of authority on all who are not of the Royalist faction; and the Assembly accepts the Royalist president on his own terms. Unfortunately, there is no doubt as to the use McMahon will make of his power, whether he act in the interest of the Comte de Chambord, or veer round to the Empire again, should circumstances favour such a course, or endeavour to perpetuate the central power in his own hands. Once more France is meeting foul play at the hands of those who pretend a right to rule her in a representative character. Can we wonder that France appears difficult to govern, when there is so little good faith in her rulers?

The Pope's fatherly care in making it known to the Emperor William that that evil counsellor Bismarck was undermining his throne, by the measures adopted to prevent German Ultramontanes giving their first and best allegiance to his Holiness, has not been received at Berlin in the same benignant spirit in which it was conceived. The reprobate Emperor, who belongs in some undefined way to the Pope, through baptism, is so little gratified for being allowed a means of escape through the suggestion of a rumour

that he does not countenance these measures, as to say in reply, "According to the Constitution of my States, such a case cannot happen, since the laws and Government measures in Prussia require my consent as sovereign." He adds that it is his mission to preserve the authority of laws which some leading priests have openly defied, and expresses the hope that his Holiness, on being informed of the true state of affairs, will use his influence to put an end to an agitation supported by falsehood, and the abuse of priestly authority. At the same time, he knows very well that his Holiness will do exactly the reverse of this. On some of the questions in dispute, the lower clergy must be on the side of the State. In the Rhenish Provinces, where the bishops have been in the habit of exercising over them the power of arbitrary removal, the law of last May has come to their aid. Under it the bishops nominate and the State confirms, the priests appointed being relieved from the fear of arbitrary dismissal by the bishop. In decreeing the immovability of the cures, Prussia has only done, in 1873, what Louis XIV. did for France two centuries ago, and what was done for Canada by a royal edict in 1679. If the priests of a Church in some way paid by the State, teach the people that their allegiance to the Pope is to be preferred to that due to their own Sovereign, the State must have some means of protecting itself against the

effects of such teaching. The aim of the Emperor's Government is to prevent the Church having an anti-national character, by disallowing ecclesiastical appeals to the Pope, by insisting that disciplinary power shall be exercised by German authorities, and that the final appeal shall not go beyond the German Courts. It seeks to disarm the Church of the powers of excommunication, by rendering the bishops liable to prosecution for making use of this weapon without the consent of the civil authorities. The Emperor is strong enough to be able to disregard the warning of the Pope that he is undermining his throne by the measures taken for the protection and security of the State. But the Pope is not without resources. As a flank movement, he sets up the Bishop of Nancy to order the faithful to pray for the recovery of Metz and Strasburg. The Emperor meets him on this point by remonstrating with France; and though that nation might desire to take a step in the direction indicated by those prayers, she is in no position to do so; for if the war indemnity has been paid, it has been paid in borrowed money, and many bankers who made advances on the bonds are nearly in the condition that Jay Cooke & Co. found themselves in after advancing on Northern Pacific bonds. As a practical measure, this flank movement of his Holiness must fail, like the rest.

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## SCIENCE AND NATURE.

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RECENT experiments appear to prove that the rapidity with which gun-cotton detonates is something altogether unprecedented. The imponderables, such as light and electricity, of course, move faster than any material body; but with the exception of these, the detonation of gun-cotton travels faster than anything we know of. A bullet discharged from a rifle usually travels at from thirteen to

fourteen hundred feet per second; sound does not get over more than eleven hundred feet in a second of time, and this is much quicker than the flame travels along a train of gunpowder. On the other hand, when a number of cakes of gun-cotton are placed in a line, and detonated at one end, it is found by accurate instruments that the detonation runs along the line with a rapidity of twenty thousand feet—or not far from

four miles—per second. It has also been discovered—and the discovery is one of great practical importance—that gun-cotton, though both non-explosive and non-inflammable when wet, is nevertheless capable of being detonated by any fulminating material even when dripping with moisture. So that gun-cotton can be readily detonated under water, if the action be simply started by a dry fulminate fuse. The importance of this discovery, from a military point of view, can probably hardly be over-estimated.

In an elaborate paper by Professor Joseph Henry, read before the American Academy of Sciences, the laws of sound are treated at length with especial reference to the employment of fog-signals. The sea-coast of America extends over ten thousand miles, and over a great part of this distance it is liable to be beset with dense fogs. Hence, much attention has been devoted to the subject of fog-signals, and the appliances employed for this purpose in America are probably superior to those used anywhere else. The majority of the fog-signals now in use are founded upon the principle of resounding cavities, in which the air itself is the sounding body as well as the conductor of sound :—1. The fog-trumpet, furnished with a reed, and blown by air condensed by an Ericsson caloric engine ; 2. The siren-trumpet, blown by steam from a high-pressure tubular boiler ; 3. The ordinary locomotive whistle, of large size, and likewise blown by the steam of a high-pressure engine. All these instruments can be heard in still air at a distance of from fifteen to twenty-five miles.

The second part of the first volume of the Report of the Geological Survey of Ohio has just been issued. It is a handsome quarto volume, with four hundred pages of letter-press and forty-eight beautifully executed lithographs and steel engravings, illustrative of the fossils described in the work. It treats exclusively of the Palæontology of Ohio, and is, therefore, only of direct interest to a comparatively select circle. Such works as this, however, promote in the most important manner the general progress of science ; and it is most creditable to the State Legislatures that they continue to

ungrudgingly vote considerable sums of money for their publication.

According to Dr. W. B. Carpenter, there can be no doubt that the Caspian was originally connected with the White Sea ; and it has sunk to its present level, about eighty feet below the present ocean-level, in consequence of the great evaporation to which it has been and still is subjected. That the Caspian was formerly connected with the ocean by way of the White Sea, is shown by the numerous marks of marine action on the rocks between the two seas, at a height of eighty feet above the level of the former. The evaporation at present going on in the Caspian is also quite sufficient to account for its having sunk to its present level ; but it is a curious fact that in spite of this, and in spite of the enormous quantity of salt daily being poured into it by rivers, the waters of the Caspian are not more than half as salt as those of the Black Sea, instead of being, as might have been anticipated, much more highly impregnated with saline matters. The reason of this seems to be that large quantities of the salt are drawn off and deposited in shallow lateral lagoons, which act as great natural salt-pans.

It has long been known that the contractile tissues of animals (such as the muscles) have the property of contractility associated with definite electrical currents, which exist only so long as the tissue is alive, and cease at the moment that an act of contraction is effected. Late observations have now brought to light the singular fact that the irritable and contractile parts of plants are traversed by precisely similar currents. The phenomenon is most readily observed in the leaf of the Venus' Fly-trap.

Amongst the papers read before the late meeting of the British Association, at Bradford, was one by a lady, Miss A. W. Buckland, of Bath. The paper was presented to the Anthropological Section, and its title was "The Serpent in connection with Primitive Metallurgy." The object of the paper was to show that the serpent-worshipping races of the East were the earliest discoverers of the metals and of precious stones.

## MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

THE complimentary dinner given to Mr. Goldwin Smith, on the eve of his departure for England, has many claims to a permanent record in these pages. It is but seldom, in Canada, at any rate, that a company of gentlemen assemble to do honour to literary ability and scholarly attainments. Its novelty, therefore, would entitle this demonstration to notice in the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, even if there were not special reasons why it should receive exceptional treatment at our hands. It was assuredly no ordinary feeling which prompted the gathering together, during a political crisis, of men of both parties, to offer a tribute of respect possessing no political significance. It was, in the strictest sense, a literary demonstration, and as such, an additional proof, if that were needed, that the literary spirit, untrammelled by the ties of party, and undisturbed by its animosities, has come to be a power in the Dominion. Of those present at the dinner there were doubtless many who would be found to dissent from some of the opinions held by their guest, and from others it has been the fashion to attribute to him.

It is no insignificant item in the debt which modern society owes to culture, that differences of opinion are no longer incompatible with generous appreciation of sterling merit and unquestioned integrity in an opponent. Nor is it indifference to truth which underlies the tolerant temper of the time—it is rather the growing conviction that discordance of view is the inevitable result of thorough inquiry. Discussion is the only highway which leads to knowledge in the best sense of the word; and discussion can only be conducted with profit when it is conducted with fairness and good temper. So far as the judicial spirit enters into the arguments even of a partisan, he will cheerfully concede to his opponent the honesty of motive and confidence in the truth of his opinions he claims for himself. It is to the literary culture of the time we owe that charity which weighs the evidence *against* us as well as *for* us, and has thus gone far to remove the personal element from modern disputation.

Hence the enthusiasm with which a mixed company, composed of legislators, lawyers, professors, bankers, and merchants, representing diverse pursuits and varied phases of opinion, testified their admiration of great talents, eminent scholarship, and undoubted purity of motive in the person of Prof. Goldwin Smith. During a two years' residence in Toronto, the guest of the evening had approved himself to the people of Canada, not only a man of

learning or a mere master of language, but one determined to use his gifts for the noblest purpose—the advancement and elevation of his adopted land. On the lecture platform, at the annual gatherings of the Universities, or through the columns of the press, the same earnest aim has ever been set before him, and pursued with an unselfish and unobtrusive earnestness. If we may borrow from the *Fortnightly Review* a phrase used in another connection, he has given us an eminent example of such "lovers of truth and honesty as we usually find a great scholar or man of science to be in our own day." Added to this was a generous endeavour to encourage and stimulate nascent ability wherever he found it, which attached to him all with whom he came in contact. For all these reasons he has surrounded himself with a host of friends, without striving for or desiring popular applause.

It is not our purpose to give in detail the proceedings at the dinner of the 7th ultimo, for they have already appeared at sufficient length in the daily press. Dr. Wilson's extremely valuable services in the chair did not, however, receive that prominence in the reports which they deserve. Nothing could have been more felicitous than the remarks made preliminary to the toasts. His introduction of the guest was especially happy both in manner and matter. The audience, we are sure, shared his conviction that whilst we had enjoyed, during the Professor's residence, the services of one of the most eminent of England's scholars, so during his sojourn in his native land we should have a faithful representative of Canada there, who appreciates, because he thoroughly understands, the resources of the country, and entertains rational and well-founded hopes in the greatness of its future.

We touch lightly upon a subject personal, in a sense, to ourselves. Incidentally, the *CANADIAN MONTHLY* received many complimentary notices on the occasion. It would be affectation to deny that these evidences of public favour were grateful and encouraging to us. The efforts we have made, in the interests of national literature, have resulted in substantial and assured success; still, to the literary public we must look for continued and increased support. Apart, however, from considerations of the future, we are pleased to find that what has been effected in these columns is thoroughly approved.

Mr. Goldwin Smith referred to the enterprise with which his name has been closely associated. Perhaps we may venture to supplement his remarks with one or two of our own. The playful title of "literary

loafer" would give an erroneous view of the Professor's labours on behalf of the MONTHLY. Whilst declining to undertake the editorship of the new venture, we had the fullest assurance of his advice and assistance. That promise has been amply fulfilled from the first until now. To his suggestions and to his counsel, always at our command, as well as to the valuable contributions we have received from his pen, the success achieved is mainly owing. These services have been rendered to the cause of national literature at the sacrifice of personal ease and personal advantage, for a worthy purpose. If, at times, Mr. Smith's efforts drew upon him attacks from the party press which ought to have fallen upon other shoulders, and if, at others, a respect for impersonal journalism failed to secure him immunity from personal assaults, he was obliged to bear the fire from both

armies, if not without complaining, at least without redress.

For these exertions we believe our readers, of all parties, are grateful. The sole aim has been to build up, through our columns, by contributions from all quarters, a patriotic feeling in the Dominion, and to encourage a literature—indigenous in character and honest and pure in spirit. So far as this has been done, Mr. Goldwin Smith has inspired and directed our efforts. That he may enjoy his visit to the mother-land, and return with renewed strength and vigour to his adopted country, we, as well as his many Canadian friends, earnestly desire. Of one thing we are sure, that when Canada is evil-spoken of by ignorant tourists or superficial observers of any description, she will find a constant, a truthful, and an intelligent champion in Professor Goldwin Smith.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE controversy between Christianity and the various forms of unbelief is one of the most important and interesting phenomena of the age. The parties to the momentous argument cannot afford to give their opponents quarter; so far as present appearances go, therefore, it is a struggle *à l'outrance*. The literary criticism of former years, though it affected the doctrine of plenary inspiration and the integrity of the Scriptural canon, was by no means so formidable as the fierce onslaught of modern science upon the very foundations of evangelical religion. The inexorable sequence of cause and effect, the unalterable character of natural law, and the consequent impossibility of miracle, special providence, and even of a supernatural revelation had been mooted before; but they have acquired a fresher, clearer, and therefore more popular aspect from recent discoveries, real or supposed, in the material universe. Not content with the domain of experimental knowledge and a rational induction from facts carefully established and cautiously generalized, we are launched upon an unknown sea of hypothesis, not to be verified by the most acute and sober observation. The system of Herbert Spencer, the development theory of Darwin, and the bold negation of spirituality in man by Huxley and the entire school, tend to a conclusion subversive of all man has hitherto recognized as religion. The worship of "the unknown and unknowable," as our English scientists have it, or of the blind, unintelligent, remorseless force known to Strauss as the Cosmos,

is the only religion; and a struggle for personal enjoyment under natural laws, the only morality. Immortality is, of course, a fiction of the imagination; as Strauss remarks: "If this be considered pure, unmitigated materialism, I will not dispute it." We have only to take one step further—a step, however, which even the author of "The Old Faith and the New" declines to take—to reach the depths of pessimism in Schopenhauer and Hartmann. "It must be an ill-advised God," says the former, "who should be able to devise no better pastime than to transform himself into so hungry a world as ours, to appear in the form of innumerable millions of living, but, at the same time, terrified and tormented beings, who can only exist for a space by mutually devouring each other and enduring measureless and objectless ills of anguish, misery and death." "If God," says Hartmann, "previous to the creation, had been aware of what he was doing, creation would have been an inexcusable crime; its existence is only pardonable as the result of blind will; the entire Cosmic process would be an equally unfathomable folly, if its unique aim, self-consciousness, had existed without it." Strauss shrinks from the verge of this precipice, because he believes with Darwin in "the survival of the fittest;" yet he seems to coincide with Hartmann in the theory of "an unconscious Absolute"—whatever that may mean—which creates and determines and rules the evolution of the universe, not by an intelligent Will, but by a "clairvoyant wisdom superior to all consciousness." In his last



work, Strauss attempts a sort of eclecticism of unbelief—combining the destructive criticism of Baur and the Tübingen school on the canon of Scripture, with all the objections raised by the physicists. The Darwinian theory especially delights him as “the first child of the true, though as yet clandestine, union of science and philosophy.” It is possible that Mr. Darwin would not thank him for some of the conclusions he has drawn from the evolution theory. Certainly Helmholtz has misrepresented the actual position of the English naturalist, when he claims that he has eliminated the notion of design from the idea of creation. Darwin certainly does not “show how the adaptation of structure in organisms may be effected without any interference of intelligence, by the blind operation of law.” In strictness he cannot be said to “show” anything but an hypothesis, unsupported by fact. He cannot show that any *species*,—we do not say *variety*—has been originated within the memory of man. His theory may be true, but it is not proved, and remains, therefore, an hypothesis. Much less has he shown that the creation of species may be effected by “the blind operation of law;” for having gone backward as far as his inventive faculty can reach, he is compelled to beg some atoms or molecules from the “Intelligence” the German philosopher ignores. If, then, the original matter came from the hand of a “conscious” and intelligent Absolute; why, even supposing the Darwinian theory to be true, may He not have ordered and ruled the genesis of all the species that have arisen since earth emerged from chaos? It would not be difficult to show that there is nothing in the development theory of itself to alarm the orthodox; it is only when its advocates, as Mr. Darwin in his “Descent of Man,” transcend the limits of scientific investigation, that they become enemies to philosophy, ethics and religion. The attempt to leap the chasm between plant and animal life, instinct and reason, and more especially the effort to reduce the moral sense of man to a development of animal affections, are of this nature. Mr. Darwin has taken this false step and made shipwreck of his method. The Curtius of physical science, he has leaped into the abyss without saving the citadel.

We have made these remarks on the attitude of modern science towards religion, because it will save us some space in the brief outline we propose to give of the papers on Scepticism at the late conference of the Evangelical Alliance. It is scarcely possible to classify these essays; we shall, therefore, indicate briefly the line of argument taken in each, with a synopsis of such remarks as were made upon it. Prof. Stanley Leathes, of King's College, London, confined himself to the evidence of fulfilled

prophecy as it is deducible from the history of the Jews. There was nothing novel in his treatment of the subject, except perhaps his reply to the parallel attempted to be drawn by Prof. Müller between the development of Buddhism from Brahminism and that of Christianity from Judaism.

The next paper, which, in all respects, was the most solid contribution to the literature of the Conference, was read by Dr. Theodor Christlieb, Professor of Theology at Bonn. It traversed, in fact, the entire subject of modern infidelity, systematically and conscientiously, suggesting modes of encountering it in all its phases. It would be impossible to give an outline of this learned and exhaustive paper. When we state that the tendencies of scepticism were divided into three heads—Unchristian Philosophy, Destructive Historical Criticism and Anti-Miraculous Natural Science; that each of these was separately treated with the accurate learning we have learned to expect from German scholarship; and further, that the apologetic was applied not merely to the systems themselves, but to their influence on individual, social and national life, our readers will have some idea of an essay which occupied three hours in the reading. Dr. Christlieb approached the subject with perfect candour. Fervent as his faith in Christianity is, he did not fail to rebuke extravagant dogmatic views, especially those sometimes entertained upon Inspiration. Let us quote a few words on this topic; they will suffice to show the sincerity and honesty of an able apologist of the faith: “The very limits of our canon are not an ordinance by Divine right, inasmuch as no prophet ever declared the list of inspired Old Testament writings closed in the name of God, and no apostle superintended the collection of the New Testament books.” He then suggests the argument that the same Spirit who inspired the Scripture ordered their collection so that they might make a complete and compact whole. He admits the existence of a human element—consents to a reverent criticism, not merely extending “to texts, and translations, but also to a searching comparison of the different types of doctrine (*e. g.* Pauline, Johannine, &c.) and of the various ethnographical, historical and other data,” &c. Should such a criticism should discover errors, the Professor applies the words of Luther: “If there be found a strife in Scripture and the same cannot be settled, let it alone; it is of little moment, so that it runneth not counter to the articles of our faith.” To these articles Dr. Christlieb clings with unflinching tenacity; though he protests against insupportable assumptions and disingenuous devices in defence of the truth. The paper read at New York may well claim the attention of Christian readers; it is, however, we believe, only an abridgment of a more sys-

tematic treatise—"Modern Doubts on Christian Faith,"—a translation of which is being published by the Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh.

Dr. Cairns, of Berwick, was the author of another paper on the subject of Infidelity. There was nothing original in his division of the phases of unbelief—subjective and objective in character, or depending in each case upon moral or intellectual causes of doubt. His exposition of the "scandals" or stumbling-blocks caused by the Church itself, either in doctrine or practice, and his suggestions for remodeling Christian evidences, were fresh and pointed. Dr. Warren, of Boston University, gave a sketch of American Infidelity. It was interesting historically, but tinged a little too strongly with the *odium theologicum*. Geographical sketches were given of the three who bore the name of the sceptical apostle, "Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Cooper and Thomas Paine," and thence down by Priestly and Owen to Theodore Parker and Emerson. Dr. Washburn followed on "Reason and Faith,"—the one apprehending intellectual, the other spiritual truth; reason being barren opinion, faith being "reason knit with affection and conscience." Differing from Dr. Warren, he contended that American Unitarianism was the result of the prevailing dogmatism of New England. As Neander declared of German unbelief, so in America it arose from "dead orthodoxy"—a natural reaction from scholastic divinities.

The Theory of Development was ably treated by Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, the well-known author of "Christianity and Positivism." His mode of handling the subject under the figure of a temple divided into great halls—the religious and scientific—was well wrought out. Of the principal objections to Darwinism as a cosmogony we have already spoken—they are fully, though not extravagantly, stated in this paper. One brief extract we venture to quote for the benefit of those who denounce evolution without investigating its claims:—"It is useless to tell the younger naturalists that there is no truth in the doctrine of development; for they know there is truth, which is not to be set aside by denunciation. Religious philosophers might be more profitably employed in showing them the religious aspects of the doctrine, and some would be grateful to any who would help them to keep their old faith in God and the Bible with their faith in science."

An animated discussion arose on this subject. Dr. Brown, "a missionary of forty years' standing," declared that all he knew in regard to the vegetable kingdom was in accordance with the theory of development. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, some-

what warmly demanded to know whether Dr. Brown meant that God was electricity or some other unintelligible force? He could not stand there and hear men talk about development without telling what development was. Dr. Brown very sensibly said that he believed in the creation of the world by the Almighty, as asserted in the Shorter Catechism, but he did not see that that prevented him from believing that development was the mode of God's action.

Principal Dawson, of McGill University, Montreal, read a paper on "Primitive Man and Revelation." Dr. Dawson contends that the modern theory of the antiquity of man is founded upon exaggeration and mistake; that even if we accept the skeletons recently found as those of the primitive race of mankind, the admission overthrows the "Simian" origin of the race, because they are highly developed in the cephalic region, and, therefore, are existing proofs of the truth of the Scripture narrative. We are glad to learn that Principal Dawson is about to submit his researches on this subject to the public.

In a subsequent discussion on Darwinism, Dr. Dawson was "catechised" on Darwinism. Dr. Hodge could not let the matter rest; hence the Principal was compelled to mount the platform and state the commonplace fact, that evolution, up to a certain point, is not anti-Christian, but that after that point it becomes so. Dr. Hodge urged that Darwinism, as he understood it, "excludes God; excludes intelligence from everything."

Dr. Dawson's reply, though tinged with characteristic dislike to the development school, is worth quoting:—"I think Darwin would not admit so much as has been said, and yet I believe his doctrine leads to that conclusion. The Darwinian theory takes hold of the production of varieties. Our doctrine is that these varieties are the action of external nature upon the species. As regards the varieties, Darwin is well enough; but as regards species, I don't believe in it, because it comes in contact with the Bible. The Darwinian theory, I believe, is this: That species have come into existence by natural selection, arising in the struggle of one species with another for existence, and the survival of the fittest in that struggle. It is not science at all—only a bad philosophy."

Here we are compelled to take abrupt leave of the New York Conference. We trust, however, that we have given a glimpse of its proceedings sufficiently clear to tempt our readers to a better acquaintance with the subjects discussed, when the complete record is published.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF CANADA. By Samuel James Watson, Librarian, Legislative Assembly of Ontario. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

In this small volume of 157 pages, Mr. Watson, commencing with the British conquest, brings down the constitutional history to the Constitution Act of 1791, and adds a slight sketch on "Canada, Past and Present." Our history has hitherto been chiefly written from a French Canadian point of view, and we have had to look at the past through spectacles that did not quite suit the sight. Mr. Watson writes from a British stand-point, and judging from the present instalment, his work will be creditably performed. Every one may not agree with him in thinking the Quebec Act of 1774 was "the worst Act which the British Parliament ever imposed on an American colony." In placing Canada under a Governor and Council, that Act was not only a breach of faith in withholding the promised representative institutions, but it was regarded as a menace to the other colonies. It is proper, however, to note the exceptional position in which Canada was placed. The colony, a recent conquest, was chiefly peopled by French settlers and their descendants; and if representative institutions had been given to it in good faith, and the oaths of abjuration had been dispensed with, the English population, to whom representative institutions had been promised by the proclamation of 1763, and for whom they were more particularly regarded as desirable—the French colonist never having lived under such institutions—the effect would have been to place the entire Legislative power in the hands of the new subjects, and it is quite conceivable that the colonists of British origin might have been worse off than under a Governor and Council. The change made by the Constitution Act of 1791 was much less real than apparent. The ultimate power was still in the Governor and a Crown appointed Legislative Council, which could always be successfully played off against the elective chamber. The extent to which that power was used to counteract the popular tendencies of the Assembly is familiar to every reader of Canadian history.

While writing in a clear and forcible style, it may be doubted whether Mr. Watson has exhausted all the materials bearing on his subject. We miss all mention of the contests that arose between the authorities at Quebec and the merchants over the right of the new Government to levy the same rate of import duty as the old Government had collected; disputes which occupied the attention of the English courts and made much noise at the time. Perhaps the author may not consider them as belonging to the constitutional history of the Province; though it would be difficult to class them otherwise. Nevertheless we welcome this new contribution to our history; and we believe that those who peruse the first volume will look forward with interest to its successors.

SUB-TROPICAL RAMBLES IN THE LAND OF THE APHANAPTERYX. PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, ADVENTURES AND WANDERINGS IN AND AROUND THE ISLAND OF MAURITIUS. By Nicholas Pike. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1873.

We give the full title of this work, since, probably, not one in a thousand would know what was meant by the "Land of the Aphanapteryx," or in what portion of the habitable globe this favoured region might actually be. Nor do we suppose that many people would know with any accuracy what the "Aphanapteryx" is; whether it is some valuable gem or mineral, some wonderful vegetable production, or, perhaps, something to eat, just as we speak of the land of the sugar-cane or grape vine, or the "land o' cakes." In truth, however, the Aphanapteryx is nothing more than a peculiar wingless bird, which formerly inhabited the Island of Mauritius, along with the still more singular Dodo, and which has become extinct within a comparatively recent period. We are bound to add, also, that nothing beyond the merest mention of the Aphanapteryx, together with its portrait on the title-page, will be found in this work; so that the title of the work is only justified by the author's announcement that he intends to publish a second volume, in which he will describe fully this and the other remarkable natural productions of Mauritius.

Mr. Nicholas Pike, whose name has a strangely familiar ring, was appointed United States Consul in Mauritius in the year 1866; and the present volume is the result of his stay on the island for some years. The work has little literary excellence to recommend it, and its arrangement is such as to render its perusal a matter of considerable difficulty. This difficulty is enhanced by the enormous amount and miscellaneous character of the material collected by Mr. Pike, and here presented to the public in a concrete form. It does not seem possible to mention any subject, having any conceivable connection with the natural or acquired peculiarities of any given country, which is not more or less fully treated of in these pages. The general reader will find himself agreeably entertained with the account of Mauritian life and society; the naturalist, the botanist and the geologist will all meet with matter of special interest to them; the physician has a chapter on the causes and nature of the Mauritian fevers; the meteorologist can revel in the details of cyclones and hurricanes; the ethnologist is presented with a long account of the various elements composing the mixed population of the island; the historian, the statistician, the educationalist, and the student of theology are one and all liberally cared for; and the financier or man of business can study at length the industries and commerce of the island. Upon the whole, however, Mr. Pike, though a keen observer and a fair recorder of other matters, appears to most advantage as a naturalist and botanist; and we shall look forward with interest to the promised second volume of the work, in which the rich fauna and flora of the island are to be described in detail.

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## LITERARY NOTES

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. have ready an edition of the new issue of the Christian Evidence Society Lectures, delivered in the new Hall of Science, London, entitled "Popular Objections to Revealed Truth." "Modern Scepticism" and "Faith and Free Thought" are the subjects of the two earlier volumes of the same series, also issued by this firm.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark are issuing Prof. Christlieb's eagerly expected work on "Modern Doubts on Christian Faith," the substance of which was delivered by the author at the Evangelical Alliance Convention recently held in New York. Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York, have published a cheap edition of the matter of the address, extracted from the complete report of the proceedings of the Alliance, which they have now in press.

Messrs. W. Isbister & Co., the successors to the firm of Alex. Strahan & Co., of London, announce the "Autobiography and Memoir of the late Thomas Guthrie, D. D.," edited by his sons, to be issued in two volumes. The same firm have ready a new work by Mr. Samuel Smiles, entitled "The Huguenots in France, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, with a Visit to the Country of the Vau-dois;" also a manual of Homiletical and Pastoral Theology, with the title of "For the Work of the Ministry," by Rev. Professor W. G. Blaikie, D. D.

Messrs. H. S. King & Co. have ready M. Jules Favre's interesting work on "The Government of the National Defence," from June 30 to October 31, 1870; a new volume from the pen of the Country Parson, entitled "A Scotch Communion Sunday, and other discourses from a University City"; two new issues of the "International Science Series;" Prof. Bain on "Mind and Body: the Theories of their Relations;" and Mr. Herbert Spencer on "The Study of Sociology." Messrs. King have also issued a collected volume of recent Papers by James Greenwood, the *Amateur Casual*, entitled "In Strange Company; being the Experiences of a Roving Correspondent."

Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s new publications embrace Dr. Edward Freeman's Lectures, recently delivered at the Royal Institution, on "Comparative Politics;" "Speeches on some Current Political Questions," by Prof. Fawcett, M. P.; "Cobden and Political Opinion," by Prof. J. E. Thorold Rogers; and a new and enlarged edition of Prof.

Calderwood's "Handbook of Moral Philosophy."

Messrs. Holt & Co., New York, issue, by arrangement with the author's executor, John Stuart Mill's "Autobiography." They announce a translation of Dr. Strauss' recent work on "The Old Faith and the New," and reprints of Mr. Tylor's "Early History of Mankind," and "Primitive Culture."

Messrs. Harper Brothers have just reprinted the "Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge," edited by her daughter, which has been very favourably received by the English critics.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce Mr. Mivart's new work on "Man and Apes," and a reprint of the new novel by Rhoda Broughton, author of "Cometh up as a Flower," entitled "Nancy."

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons have in press a new work by Dr. David Page, on "Economic Geology, or Geology in its Relation to the Arts and Manufactures," and a reprint of a new series of articles on social subjects, from the *Saturday Review*, entitled "Sketches and Essays."

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co.'s current publications embrace a cheap edition of "Jean Ingelow's Poems;" two new and attractive editions of "Tennyson's Complete Poetical Works," suitable for the holiday trade; and a further edition of Hesba Stretton's recent novel, "Hester Morley's Promise." They will shortly issue a Canadian edition of "French Home Life," a delightful volume on domestic life in France, a selection from which appeared in the November number of this journal.

A reprint is preparing, at Messrs. Lovells' Lake Shore Press, Rouse's Point, N. Y., of Miss Florence Montgomery's beautiful story of child-life, "Misunderstood," and will shortly be issued.

Mr. Lovell of Montreal, in a handsome 8vo. volume, has made a further contribution to Canadian literature in a work entitled, "Nova Scotia, in its Historical, Mercantile and Industrial Relations," by Mr. Duncan Campbell of Halifax. We trust to find space to review it in our next issue.

Mr. R. T. Walkem, Barrister, of Kingston, has just issued, with the *imprimatur* of Messrs. Willing & Williamson, Toronto, an important work on "The Law relating to the Execution and Revocation of Wills, and to Testamentary Capacity," which, doubtless, will be appreciated by the legal profession.

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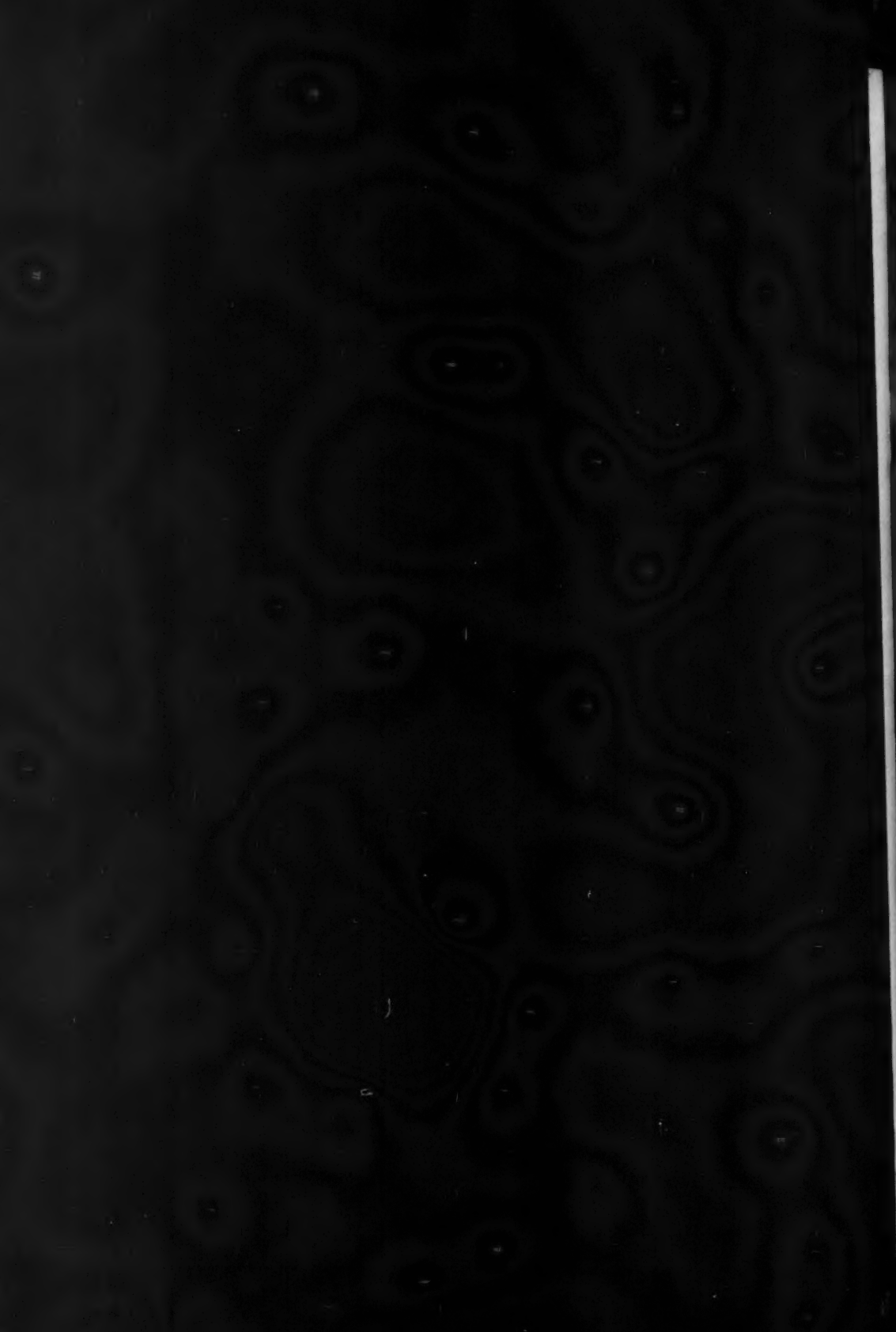
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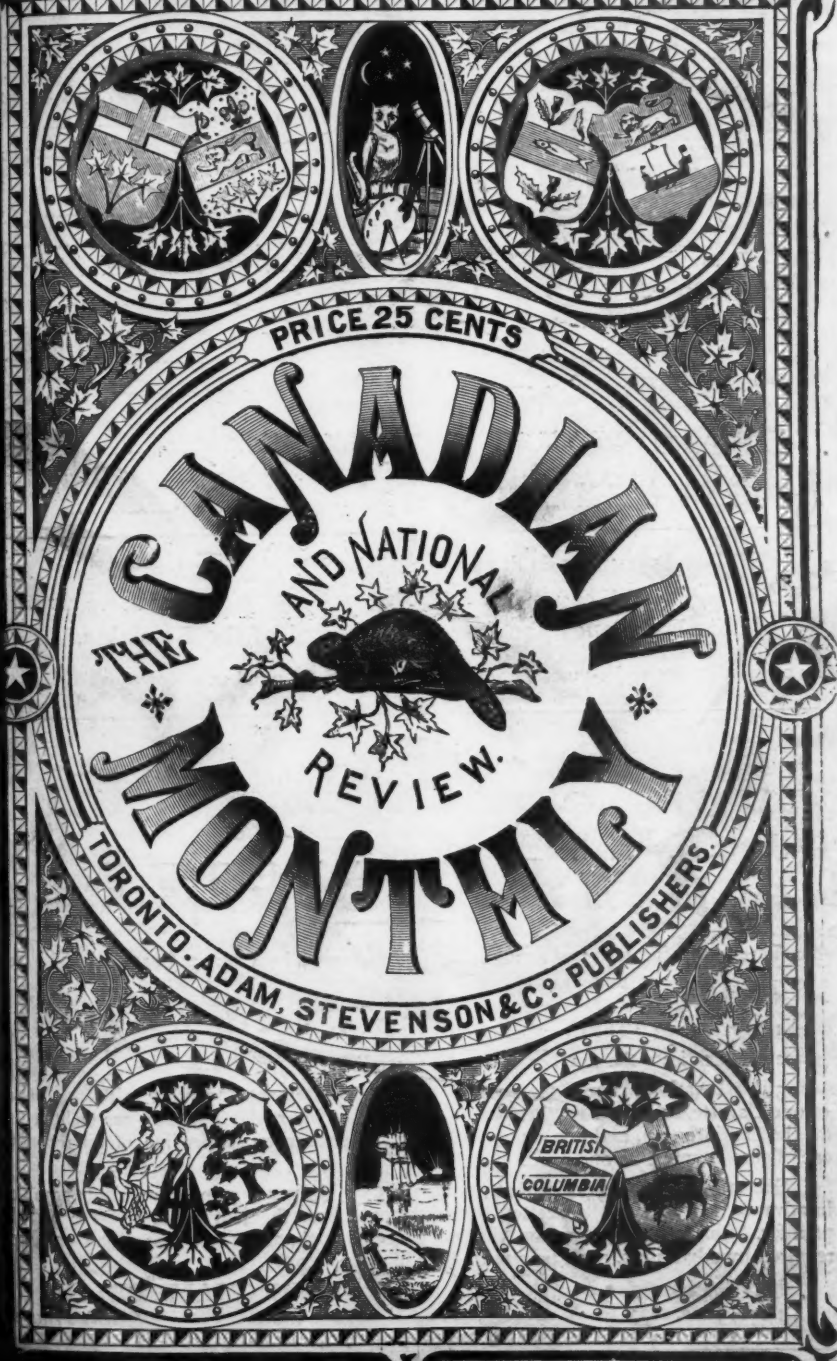


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THE PUBLISHERS do themselves the pleasure of issuing herewith to the Subscribers of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY an engraved Portrait of

**His Excellency the Governor General of the Dominion,**

As a Frontispiece to Volume III., completed in the June number.



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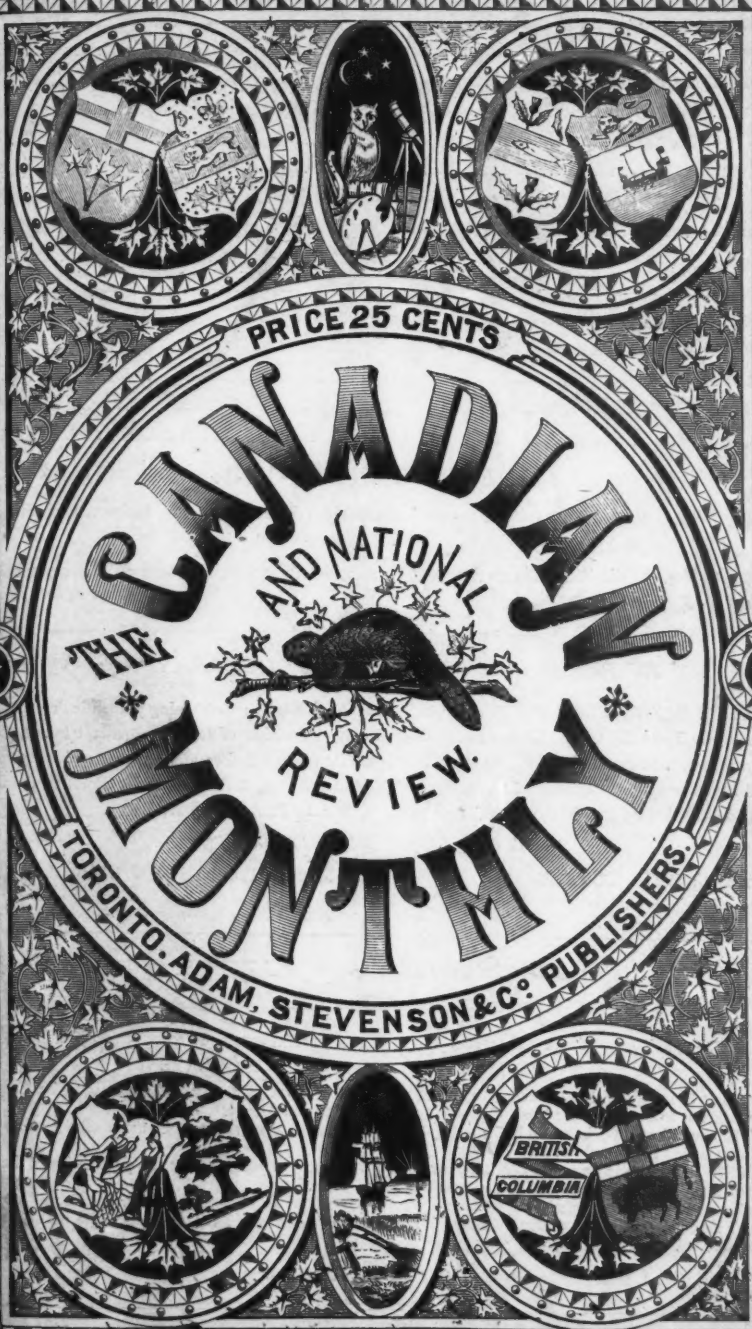


SEPTEMBER, 1873.

Vol. IV.

No. 3.


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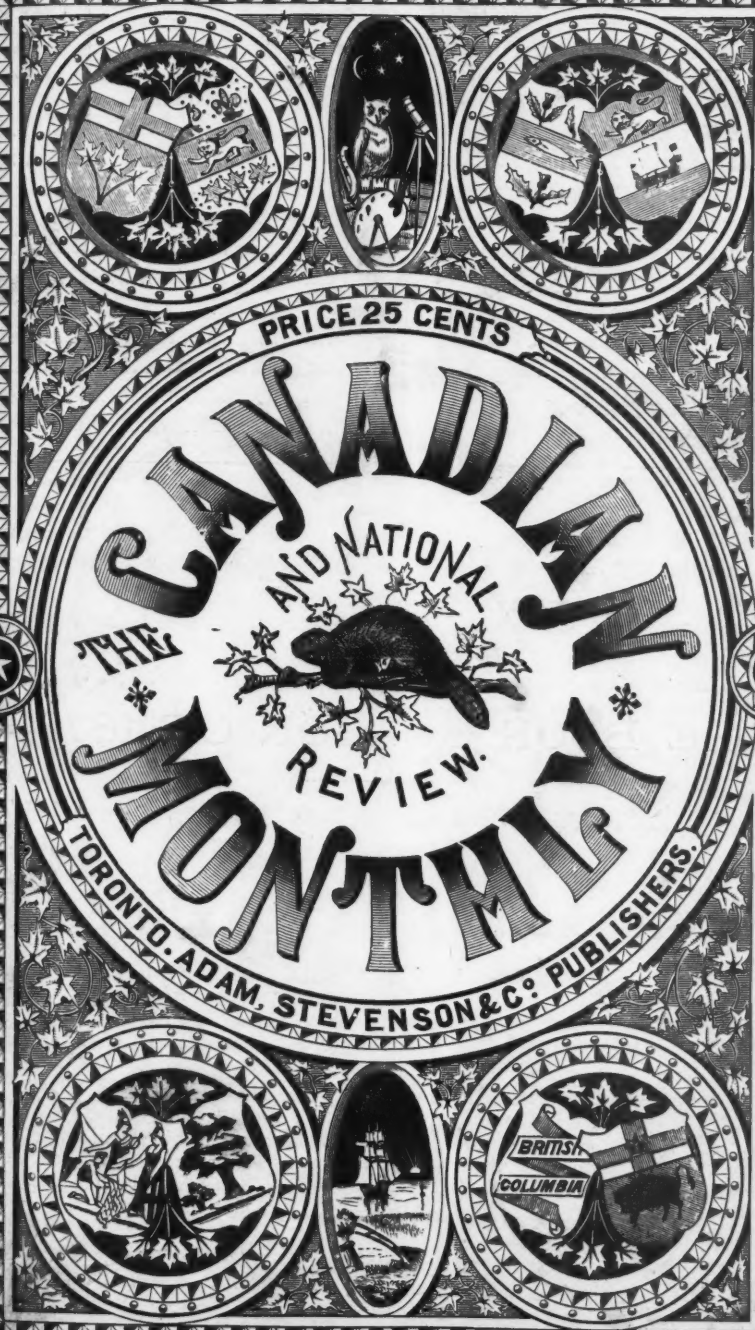
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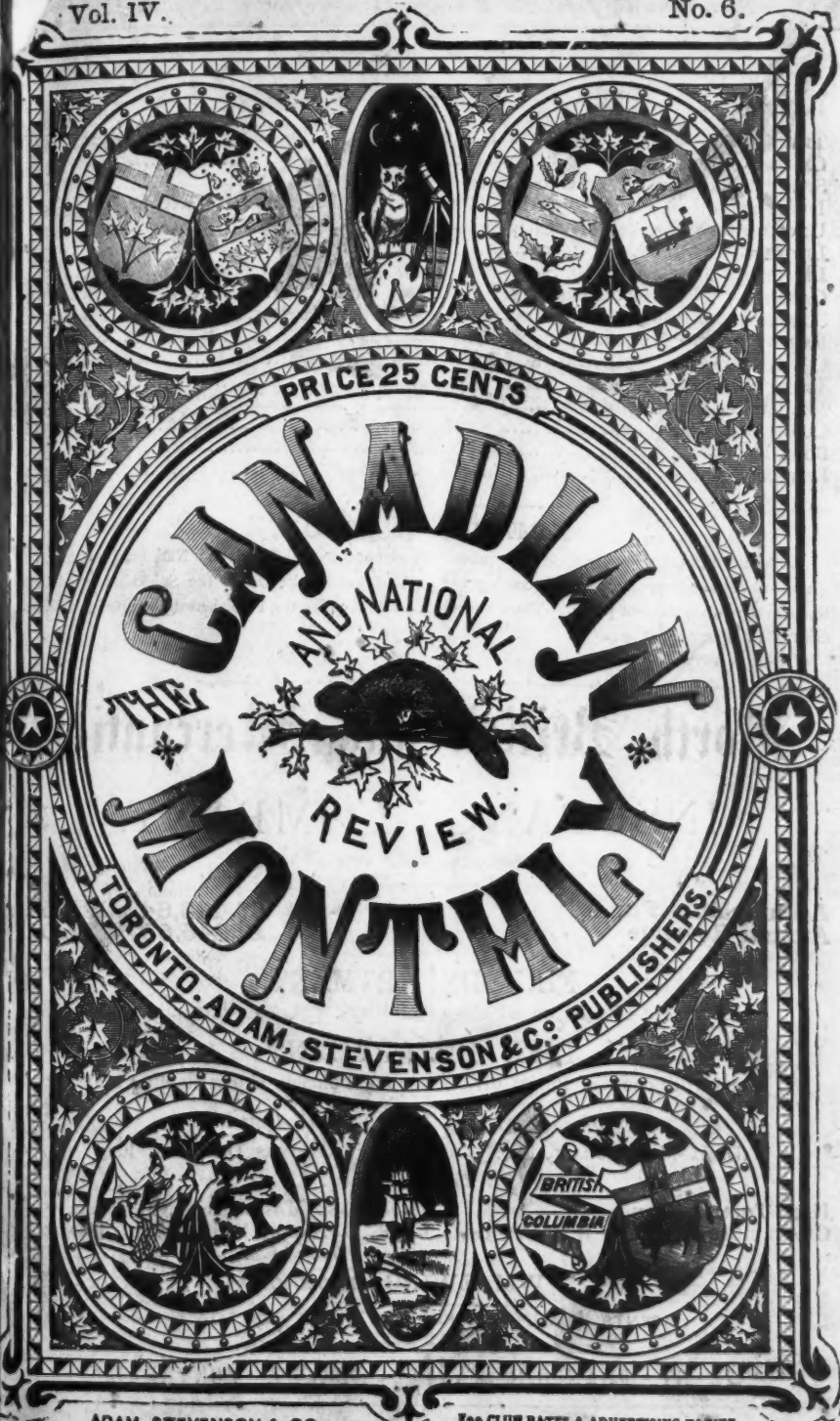
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THE PUBLISHERS rely upon their present subscribers, and all friends of a National Literature, for a renewal of their support during the coming year. Attention is directed to the Subscription and Club Rates in the Advertisement pages. Those still in arrear will oblige the Publishers by remitting in adjustment of their account at once.

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